

The Daily Mirror.

No. 51.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 1, 1904.

One Penny.

MOST LIBERAL REDUCTIONS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

A FEW QUOTATIONS FROM THE CATALOGUE.

	Original Price.	Sale Price.		Original Price.	Sale Price.	
SILKS.	1,670 yds Fancy Coloured Silks, large variety, good colours and designs . . . per yd	1/6½ 1/11½ 1/-	A few long Handsome Stole Trimming Collars, fine designs	25/6 39/6 10/6		TRIMMINGS.
	2,450 yds Coloured Striped and Figured Silks, in various designs, suitable for Blouses . . . per yd	1/11½ 2/11½ 1/6½	A good selection Smart Stole Collars, various shapes	15/6 21/6 7/6		
	3,720 yds Fancy Checked and Striped Silks, rich quality, very special offer . . . per yd	2/11½ 3/11½ 1/11½	Smart and Effective Stole Collars, various colourings	8/11 12/6 4/11		
DRESS MATERIALS.	500 Robes. Skirts cut and shaped in Latest Fashion with Material and Trimmings for Bodice. These include Cloth, Voile, Eolienne, Crêpe de Chine and Muslin . . .	29/6 8gs. 12/6 95/-	50 doz of Ladies' Black Kid Gloves, Jouvlin's make, in Black only . . .	3/11 1/6		CLOVES.
	100 Pieces Fine Suitings and Fashionable Paris Materials . . . per yd	4/11 6/11 1/6 3/11	25 doz of Ladies' Mousquetaire White Kid Gloves, 12-button length, for Evening Wear . . .	3/11 3/6		
	87 Pieces of Plain and Fancy Materials, Good and Fashionable Fabrics . . . per yd	— 1/-	95 doz of Ladies' Real Kid Gloves, in White, Tan, Beaver, and Grey . . .	2/11 1/11½		HOSIERY.
MANTLES.	450 Three-quarter length Saccu Jackets, in the fashionable Mole, Seal and Black Plushes . . .	78/6 7gs. 42/- 58/6 78/6	33 doz of Ladies' Real Mocha Gloves, in Tan, Beaver, and Slate, with two large buttons . . .	3/11 2/11		
	260 Blouse Jackets, in Mole and Black Plushes . . .	58/6 6gs. 29/6 42/- 58/6	500 lots of Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose, Plain and Ribbed for winter wear . . . per pair	1/6½ 2/11 3 for 3/6		
	300 Three-quarter length Black Plush and Silk Mantles and Capes, many handsomely trimmed and embroidered . . .	4 7½gs. 42/- 58/6 78/6	10 doz of Ladies' Heavy Plain Black Spun Silk Hose	18/11 8/11		
	150 Mole and Black Plush Jackets, trimmed with sets of Rich Sable, Mink or Chinchilla Furs, all substantially reduced in price		72 pairs of Ladies' Fine Black Cotton Hose, suitable for Indian and Colonial Wear, sample pair sent on approval . . .	7/11 3/11		CORSETS.
FURS.	250 Tailor-made Jackets, in various shades of Box-cloths, for girls of 6 to 14 years . . .	17/6 42/- 4/9 15/6	120 pairs of Black, White, and Coloured Corsets, various makes, in sizes 26 to 30 in only . . .	25/9 32/6 6/11		
	50 Fur-lined Sack Coats, 40 in. long . . .	— 52/6	35 doz Black or White Coutil Corsets, latest cut, straight fronts . . .	19/6 15/9		
	45 Coloured Fur-lined Capes, 30 in. long . . .	— 38/6	During the Sale all regular makes, including our Speciality, "Leda," and other well-known Corsets, are reduced 2/- per pair from 14/9 upwards.			LADIES' OUTFITTING.
	60 Caracul and Persian Paw Eton Coats . . .	— 52/6 73/6	50 doz Natural Wool Combinations . . .	6/11 4/11		
	50 Marmot Ties, 56 in. long . . .	— 13/9	35 doz Silk and Wool Combinations, with Fancy Tops, in Cream or Pink . . .	9/11 6/11		
	Muffs (Bag shape) to match . . .	— 16/9	75 doz Spun Silk Spencers, low neck, with Fancy Top, long sleeves . . .	3/11 2/6		
	25 Bear Stoles, 2½ yd. long . . .	— 27/6	12 doz Knitted Wool Golf Knickers, all colours . . .	8/11 7/11		
	70 Persian Paw Ties, 52 in. long . . .	— 13/9	25 doz Nun's Veiling Nightdresses, with Silk Embroidery Frill . . .	14/9 12/9		
	Muffs (New shape) to match . . .	— 65/-	25 doz Flannelette Nightdresses, various designs . . .	4/11 9/11 3/11 6/11		INFANTS' CLOTHING.
EVENING COSTUMES.	About 30 Paris Model Costumes, in Net, Lace, Chiffon, &c., &c.; original price, 25gs., 40gs.; sale price . . . 5½gs. upwards		35 Children's Coloured Coats, in Frieze or Tweed, sizes 22 in. and 24 in. long . . .	25/9 31/9 10/9		
	25 Dainty Evening Costumes, in Coloured and White Net, on Silk Foundation, with Bodice, made complete; sale price . . . 78/6		50 doz Children's French Cambric Underclothing, hand-made, trimmed Hemstitched Frills—			
	42 Smart Costumes for evening wear, in Soft Silk, trimmed insertion Lace, &c.; original price, 6gs. 11½gs.; sale price . . . 69/6, 6½gs.		Nightdress	— 6/11		
PETTICOATS.	180 Silk Petticoats in various colours, trimmed Frills; original price, 19/11; sale price . . . 11/9		Chemises and Knickers . . .	— 2/6		DRESSING GOWNS, &c.
	About 500 best quality Moirette Petticoats, in Black and all Shades; original price, 12/11; sale price . . . 7/11		All sizes, same prices. Exceptional value.			
MATERIAL COSTUMES.	175 Voile Accordion Sunray Skirts, in Black and Cream, lined throughout Silk, marvellous value; original price, 63/-; sale price . . . 39/6		All Infants' Pelisses and Walkers, in Lambswool, &c., reduced very greatly in price . . .	— 14/9 3½gs.		
	136 Smart Boleros and Skirts, in Fancy Tweeds and Serges, Coats lined Silk, really wonderful value; original price, 73/6; sale price . . . 29/6		65 Nun's Veiling			
	25 Paris Models in Cloth, the latest productions of Beer, Doncet, Sara, Mayer, &c.; original price, 20gs.; 40gs.; sale price . . . 12gs.		Ac-			
	100 Children's slightly soiled Evening Dresses, in Silk and Nun's Veiling, for dancing and party wear; original price, 42/-, 63/-; sale price . . . 10/6, 31/6		cord-			
MILLINERY.	Special Purchase.—95 Girls' Dresses for ages 7 to 14 years, all new and fresh, only just made and bought at 50 per cent. off manufacturer's cost, in all useful Winter Shades; original price, 21/6, 73/6; sale price . . . 7/6, 25/6		ion			
	A large variety of Cloth and Velvet Toques, trimmed Wings or Feathers; original price, 21/9, 3gs.; sale price . . . 10/6		pleat-			
	All French Models; original price, 4gs., 6gs.; sale price . . . 39/6		ed Breakfast			
	Special Value.—White Fur Toques, in the newest shapes, trimmed Bouquet Violets, Camellias, or many other flowers; original price, 29/6, 2gs.; sale price . . . 18/11		Gow ns.	25/9 18/11		
	A large variety of smart Bonnets and good fitting Toques, original price, 21/-, 50/-; sale price . . . 12/11 21/-		Ditto, in			
	14½ doz French Felt Shapes in every fashionable colour . . .	Original Price. 3/11 9/11 1/0½ 1/11½	Japanese Silk.	49/6 39/6		
	3 doz only, rough Silk Beavers, French Shapes . . .	12/11 8/11	35 doz Warm			
	Special line of rough Felt French Sailor Shapes, all colours . . .	3/11½ 1/11½	Pyrenette Dress-			
FLOWERS, &c.	Almost the entire stock of French Flowers	3/11 6/11 1/0½ 1/11½	ing Gowns, with Silk	15/6 12/9		
	A large assortment of Evening Bouquets and Garnitures, in newest French Flowers . . .	12/11 25/9 5/11 10/9	Hemstitched Frill			
	Our entire stock of Hair Moulds in Sequins, Jewelled wreaths of Leaves and Flowers . . .	4/11 21/- 2/11½ 10/6	Special.—A Collection of			
LACE.	640 yds of 2in. Guipure Lace Galon, in Pale Ecru colour	1/9½ 6½d.	French Flannel Dressing			
	400 yds of 2½in. Fine Guipure Lace Insertion, in Paris Ecru colour . . .	1/11½ 10½d.	Gowns and Silk			
	320 yds of 7½in. Fine Indented Alencon Lace, in new shade of Beige . . .	1/11½ 10½	Boudoir			
	150 yds of 22in. Tucked Black Bretonne Net . . .	3/6 10½	Wraps, many expensive ones, the Flannel to be cleared at 29/6 and the Silk at 49/6 (slightly soiled) . . .			
	700 Silk and Jap Slips . . .	10/6 42/- 6/11 21/-	Fine Double Damask Cloth at Half-price.			
	800 Silk Blouses . . .	21/- 3gs. 8/11 35/-	54 Cloths, assorted patterns, size 2 yds square each . . .	12/6 16/9 6/3 8/6		HOUSEHOLD LINENS.
	200 Paris Model Flouses . . .	5 12gs. 42/- 5gs.	32 Cloths, assorted patterns, size 2 yds wide by 2½ yds long . . .	14/9 16/9 21/6 7/6 8/6 10/9		
	500 Accordion Silk Slips, Lace Yokes . . .	25/- 45/- 10/6 29/6	30 doz of Huckaback Towels, hemmed . . . per doz	6/9 3/6		
	70 pieces of 8in. 10ft Glacé Ribbon, in all new Pastel Shades . . .	2/11 1/4½	318 Pairs of Plain and Twilled Cotton Sheets, 2 yds by 3 yds, for single beds . . . per pair	8/11 14/9 6/11 9/11		FURNISHING DRAPERY.
	60 pieces of 18in. Silk Brilliant Ribbon, in all new Pastel Shades . . .	2/11 1/4½	195 yds of Light Drapery Tapestry, 50in wide per yd	1/9½ 1/-		
UMBRELLAS.	700 Ladies' Umbrellas, Levantine Silk on plain and fancy Handles, Sterling Silver and Plated Gold Mounts . . .	7/11 10/6 4/11 5/11 6/11	298 yds of Heavy Tapestry, 50in wide . . . per yd	2/11 1/6		
	Marvellous Value. Ladies' Bordered Silk Covers (slightly imperfect), including some of the best qualities on expensive Handles, Sterling Silver and Plated Gold Mounts, to be cleared at . . .	— 7/11 8/11 10/6	792 yds of Silk Fringe, in various colours . . . per yd	8½d. 4½d.		CURTAINS.
	Splendid opportunity for ladies going abroad. Last season's Novelties in fancy Parasols will be cleared at less than half prices.		1,260 yds of Cretone, assorted patterns . . . per yd	1/4½ 1/6½ 1/11½ 3d. 6d. 9d.		
SUNSHADES.	Over 500 slightly soiled Parasols and En tout cas . . .	10/9 25/6 2/11½ 4/11 5/11	95 pairs of Nottingham Lace Curtains, assorted patterns . . . per pair	10/9 12/9 7/11 9/6 14/9 14/9 28/6		
			98 pairs of Swiss Embroidered Lace Curtains . . . per pair	14/9 21/6 10/9 14/9		BLANKETS AND QUILTS.
			150 Reversible Wool Blankets, about 60in. square, in Dark Plain Colours . . . each	6/11 3/11		
			60 pairs of Real Whitney Blankets, for single beds, size about 2½ by 2 yds . . . per pair	12/9 18/9 9/11 14/9		
			39 Arctic Down Quilts, covered with best Printed Sateen, assorted, piped, and frilled, size 6 by 6ft. each . . .	25/6 16/9		HANDKERCHIEFS
			80 doz of Ladies' Hand Embroidered Initial Handkerchiefs . . . per doz	6/9 2/-		
			100 doz of Ladies' Fancy Embroidered Lace Edged Handkerchiefs . . . per doz	10/9 14/9 8/11 11/9 16/9 23/6 13/9 19/6		FANCY BAZAAR, &c.
			All Toys left over from Xmas Bazaar will be cleared regardless of cost.			
			A large variety of Dolls, dressed and undressed, etc., at all prices greatly reduced.			
			Our Stock of Oriental Goods, at reduced prices for the Sale only. Well worthy of notice.			
			New Waved Repp Note in two sizes, Cream and Azure, 1/6½ for 10 quires. Envelopes to match, 1/6½ for 200			
			All the remainder of our Xmas Stock of Photograph Frames, greatly reduced, prices ranging from . . .	2/6, 2/11 1/6½, 1/11½, 3/11 2/11½		ART NEEDLEWORK.
			30 doz 5 o'clock Tea Cloths, traced for working . . .	2/11½ 1/9½		
			6 doz Canvas Laundry Bags, for Cross Stitch . . .			

PETER ROBINSON'S OXFORD-ST. WINTER SALE

COMMENCES ON
MONDAY NEXT, JAN. 4.

CATALOGUE ON
APPLICATION.

LEWIS & ALLENBY'S

Winter Stocktaking Sale.

Monday, Jan. 4, 1904, and following days.

**HIGH-CLASS GOODS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS
AT REMARKABLE REDUCTIONS IN PRICE.**

SILKS AND VELVETS.

Many astonishing bargains will be offered in this department in both plain and fancy goods.

2,000 yards Black and Coloured Broché Silks and Satins, 1/9 to 4/11, under half price; 1,500 yards Foulards, Spots, Stripes, and Figures, from 1/- to 2/11, usually 2/3 and 4/6 per yard.

2,500 yards White, Ivory and Cream Silk Satins, soft Mousseline finish, 2/9 to 7/11, usually 3/9 to 10/6.

785 yards Rich Lyons Velvets in good shades, viz.: Navy, Reseda, Brown, Grey, Violet, etc.; usual price 16/9, now 4/11 per yard.

3,000 yards White and Ivory Soft Satin Orion, wide width, specially suitable for bridesmaids' dresses, tea gowns, etc., 1/11½, 2/6, 2/11, usual price 2/9 to 3/9.

Velours Chiffon, single and double width, this season's novelty, in black and white and all new shades, will be offered at specially reduced prices.

Black Foundation Silks, 1/3 to 1/11.

White and Coloured Glacés, 1/6 to 2/6, much reduced.

Remnants of Silks, all kinds and colours, a very large selection, suitable for dresses, tea-gowns, blouses, skirts, etc., marked much under cost prices, will be offered on Fridays and Saturdays during Sale at HALF SALE PRICES.

In the COSTUME DEPARTMENT.

Paris model Gowns, day and evening, in crêpe de Chine, taffeta and Chine silk, chiffon, lace, and cloth, will be offered at half cost price.

A few model Gowns for afternoon wear, from 6½ guineas. Exceptional bargains in tweed Coats and Skirts from 39/6, 46/6, upwards. Several cream serge Coats and Skirts, also ivory cloth Gowns, suitable for ladies going abroad, offered below cost.

A few Gowns in foulard, etc., also linen Coats and Skirts, suitable for India and Cairo, from 31/6.

MANTLE AND FUR DEPARTMENT.

50 Black and coloured cloth Jackets, tailor-made, lined silk, 21/- to 84/-.

50 Black silk and velvet Mantles and Jackets, embroidered and trimmed leather, from 5 guineas.

Original Paris Models, half cost price.

Opera Mantles and Cloaks, from 3½ guineas; a few slightly soiled to be cleared regardless of cost.

Three-quarter cloth Coats, lined silk, for walking or driving, 63/-.

Fur-lined Coats, three-quarter length, 4½ guineas.

Russian pony-skin Coats, from 7½ guineas. Seal, sable, mink, caracul, and Persian Capes, Boleros, and Jackets, all reduced.

LACE DEPARTMENT.

A great variety of useful lengths of real and imitation laces and insertions at very tempting prices. Lengths of Sequin Nets and Laces to be cleared at about a quarter cost price.

Ribbons and Trimming all greatly Reduced.

The whole stock of beautiful

MILLINERY.

including all the latest PARIS NOVELTIES, will be offered at clearance prices.

Very becoming Hats, suitable for the Riviera, from 10/6.

Black Picture Hats, in silk beaver, trimmed ostrich feather, from 35/6.

All model Blouses in lace, silk, crêpe de Chine, etc., less than half price.

Smart silk Blouses from 19/6.

Flannel Blouses from 10/6.

Lawn and lace Collars to be cleared at 5/11; usual prices 12/9 to 19/6.

Rabats, Scarfs, and Fichus in lace, lawn, and silk, much reduced.

French model Tea Gowns, Dressing Gowns, and Lingerie at greatly reduced prices.

Silk Petticoats specially reduced to 19/6 and 21/-.

Oddments in Vests and Combinations, in best Scotch makes, at very low prices to clear.

Special attention given to Trousseau Orders.

10,000 yards of black and coloured Dress Materials of every description to be cleared at 7/6, 8/9, 10/6, 12/9, 13/6, 14/6, to 21/- the dress length.

Remnants of Chiffon, Gauzes, Crêpe de Chine, and Material at half-price.

Printed Velveteens reduced to 1/6; usual price 2/6 and 3/6.

A large selection of printed Cottons and Muslins at 6d. per yard.

Muslin Robes half price, commencing at 10/6.

HOSIERY AND GLOVE DEPARTMENTS.

150 dozens ladies' black Cashmere Hose.

Usual Price. Sale Price.

Ribbed and plain 1/6 ... 1/0½

95 dozens black Cashmere Hose 2/6 ... 1/6

75 dozens black Cashmere Hose 2/11 ... 1/11½

50 dozens fancy embroidered Cashmere Hose 2/6 & 2/11 1/9 & 2/6

Black Cashmere Hose, lace fronts 2/6 & 3/6 1/6 & 1/11

90 dozens black spun Silk Hose 2/6 ... 1/11½

35 dozens black spun Silk Hose, lace fronts 2/6 ... 1/11½

27 dozens black pure Silk Hose 6/6 to 9/6 4/11 to 6/11

25 dozens openwork black Silk Hose 9/6 to 11/6 7/11 to 8/11

10 dozens black pure Silk Hose, with fancy embroidered fronts... 11/9 to 21/- 7/11 to 10/11

100 dozens Kid and Suede Gloves 1/11 & 2/6 1/- & 1/6

90 dozens Kid and Suede Gloves 2/11 ... 1/11

57 dozens Kid and Suede Gloves 4/6 ... 2/11

All winter Gloves and Gloves greatly reduced.

Umbrellas, Sunshades, Fans, and all Fancy Goods much reduced.

Post Orders will receive prompt attention.

LEWIS & ALLENBY, Ltd., Regent Street and Conduit Street, London, W.

"Ambition's Aim!"



In your ambition be prudent, accept good advice, and assure yourself of good boot polish. This little polish preserves the leather, prevents crack-

ing, imparts a beautiful, mirror-like effect to all boots, and is sold in tins at 2d., 4d., and 6d. Our OUTFITS are 1/- each.

Of all Stores, Grocers, Oilmen and Bootmakers, MAKERS:-

CHISWICK SOAP CO., LONDON, W.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Don't trouble to make good resolutions which you know you will never be able to keep, but ensure your welfare throughout the coming year by the simple plan of keeping at hand a bottle of

Turner's Tamarind Cough Emulsion

It will enable you to ward off coughs and colds and to enjoy sound health. One dose, taken in time, will stop a cold. Cures and gives instant relief to coughs, hoarseness, and all affections of the throat and lungs. Pleasant and safe for young and old. Bottles 1/1½ and 2/9. Ask your chemist to supply you or write to

THE HARVEY-TURNER COMPANY, LTD.,
The Laboratory, Newcomen Street, Borough, S.E.

START THE NEW YEAR

WITH A COPY OF

THE FISCAL A.B.C.

IT IS A COMPLETE GUIDE
TO THE TARIFF QUESTION.

READ IT.

RECOMMEND IT TO YOUR FRIENDS.

Price 3d.

GIVE YOUR NEWSAGENT
THE ORDER.

Price 3d.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special forecast for to-day is: Keen easterly breezes and frosty weather; cloudy, with slight snow at times. Lighting-up time, 6.0 p.m.

SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel, rather rough to moderate; North Sea, rather rough; Irish Channel, moderate.

1st Day of Year.

Friday, Jan. 1, 1904.

365 days to Dec. 31.

PAGE 3.

	1904.	January.				
Sun.	3	10	17	24	31	
Mon.	4	11	18	25		
Tues.	5	12	19	26		
Wed.	6	13	20	27		
Thurs.	7	14	21	28		
Fri.	8	15	22	29		
Sat.	2	9	16	23	30	

To-day's News at a Glance.

Home.

"And the New Year's coming up. . . It is a Leap Year.

The Lord Chamberlain has issued an official notice regarding the series of Courts to be held at Buckingham Palace during the season.—See page 7.

A son and heir has been born to Lady Sybil Grant, and Lord Rosebery is now a grandfather.

London was a little colder yesterday; the temperature dropped to 31 degrees. A little snow or sleet fell throughout the southern counties.

Emily Bailey, a nurse at Beechwood House, Pembury-road, Tunbridge Wells, was watching a workman felling a tree yesterday when a falling bough fell on her and killed her.

A woman knelt down beside the railway track at Hoddesdon (Herts) yesterday, and placing her neck upon the rail was decapitated by a passing train.

The police have not yet effected any arrest for the murder of Mrs. Dora Kiernicke, in Whitfield-street, Tottenham-court-road.

After forty-seven years' service, Mr. T. J. Allen, the chief traffic superintendent of the Great Western Railway, retired yesterday from office.

Stockbrokers gladly said "good-bye" yesterday to the poorest year on 'Change they have experienced.—See page 5.

The campaign fund now being raised by the National Free Church Council to fight the Education Acts has reached £9,000.

Three lads were drowned while skating yesterday—two in Monmouthshire, and the third, the son of Mr. Arthur Shepherd, bank manager, at Woking.

Foreign.

The condition of Princess Mathilde has undergone a decided change for the worse. Her Imperial Highness is extremely weak.

Fêtes are being organised in Spain, with Government support, to commemorate the tercentenary of the writing of "Don Quixote."

Officialism at Hamburg has issued a public notice, calling upon a woman, born in 1765, and of whom nothing has been heard since 1826, to report herself to the registrar, "failing which, she will be entered as dead."

Fourteen cars have entered for the Gordon-Bennett-Auto Cup Race next summer, the entries closing yesterday.

The Pope has confirmed the decision of the Propaganda rejecting the candidates selected by the Chapter of Southwark for the Bishopric of that diocese.

Colonial.

Mr. Bosanquet has injured his right hand while practising at the nets, and will be unable to play in the Test cricket match which begins to-day at Melbourne.

"Bradstreet's Review of Canada" for the year 1903 states that the Dominion has completed the most successful year in its history.

TO-DAY'S ARRANGEMENTS.

General.

Dinner to Mr. T. Skewes-Cox, M.P., at Richmond. Second Test Match begins at Melbourne. New Year's Day Concert, Queen's Hall, 3. Concert, Albert Hall, "Messiah," at 8.

Racing.

Manchester.

Sales.

Redmayne and Co., 19, 20, New Bond-street, W.; costumes, ten-gowns, furs, lace, &c.

Theatres.

*Adelphi, "Little Hans Andersen," 2; "The Earl and the Girl," 8.15.
 Apollo, "Madame Sherry," 8.
 Avenue, "All Fletcher's Fault," 9.
 Comedy, "The Girl from Kay's," 8.
 Court, "Brier Fox and Brier Rabbit," and "Snow-drop," 2.
 Criterion, "Billy's Little Love Affair," 8.
 Drury, "A Country Girl," 8.
 Drury Lane, "Humpty Dumpty," 1.30 and 7.30.
 Duke of York's, "Lety," 8.
 Gaiety, "The Orchid," 8.
 Garrick, "Water Babies," 2.15; "The Cricket on the Hearth," 8.15.
 Haymarket, "Cousin Kate," 9.
 His Majesty's, "The Darlings of the Gods," 8.
 Imperial, "Monsieur Beaucaire," 8.30.
 Lyric, "The Duchess of Dantzic," 8.
 New, "Alice Through the Looking-glass," 2.30 and 8.15.
 Prince of Wales's, "The School Girl," 8.
 Royalty, "Kyrizt-Pyritz," 8.15.
 St. James's, "The Professor's Love Story," 8.30.
 Strand, "A Chinese Honeymoon," 8.
 Terry's, "My Lady Molly," 8.15.
 Vaudeville, "The Cherry Girl," 2 and 8.
 Wyndham's, "Carmen," 8.15.
 Alhambra, "Little Mary," 9.
 Empire, "Vineland," doors open 7.45.
 Hippodrome, "The Elephant Hunters," 2 and 8.
 Palace, New Bioscope Pictures, 8.

*Matinees are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.

THEATRE

DEATH-TRAP.

Tragedy that has Desolated Chicago.

NEARLY 600 DEAD.

Women and Children Struggle for Life.

PATHETIC INCIDENTS.

Millionaires Searching for Dead Relatives.

The theatre is the newest and finest in Chicago. . . and was supposed to have all the latest devices for safeguarding human life.—"Times" correspondent.

This is the most startling fact revealed in connection with Wednesday afternoon's appalling catastrophe at the Iroquois Theatre, which has filled Chicago with dismay. An electric spark started flames in the wings—a fire so slight that it might have been promptly subdued; some of the "latest devices for safeguarding human life" failed; discipline vanished behind the proscenium; panic seized the house; all the artists, numbering 240, effected their safety in flight; almost one-half of the audience perished.

The number of persons in the auditorium was 1,700; the dead bodies recovered number 564, and 314 persons are still reported missing. Fully fifty of the injured will die.

The suave qui pout struggle for escape caused the greatest sacrifice of life; with forty exits available it has been established the terror-stricken people sought flight only through the few doors they best knew.

STORY OF THE DISASTER.

Compiled from the Narratives of Survivors.

There were 1,700 people in the great theatre. It was a matinee, and mothers had brought their children to see the pantomime of "Bluebeard" from Drury Lane.

The first act and part of the second had passed in merry jest and tuneful song, and the peals of childish laughter had just died away in preparation for one of the prettiest items of the whole piece.

It is a part song called "In the Pale Moon-light," sung by a double octette. The lights are lowered, for there is a moonlight effect that can only be seen at its best in darkness.

A Ribbon of Flame.

Suddenly there appears on the stage, tricked out with a wealth of scenery, a tiny ribbon of blue flame; that shoots up into the air, and then curls round the scene like a sinister fiery snake. The children's eyes open wide with surprise; one would think in their innocence they saw in this a new and startling effect devised for their pleasure.

But some of the elders in the balconies rise in alarm, and crowd forward. An actor steps to the curtain and asks them to keep their seats. Then there is a cry, a shrill feminine shriek of terror—"Fire!" It is a signal for panic and "sauve qui peut." The whole of the vast audience rises, with deadly terror at the heart and the pallor of panic on their faces.

Terror on the Stage.

The people on the stage seem frozen with affright. When the flame first appears, fire-extinguishers are turned upon it, but without the least effect. Fear seems to paralyse efficiency. The flames gain every moment. Then the heavy asbestos curtain is lowered to shut off the stage from the house.

Half-way down it jams, and remains immovable, showing the glow of fire behind it. The stage hands' fright is complete; they lose their heads and fly. The half-lowered curtain acts as a great fly. It sucks the flames like a tornado over to the balcony—the dress circle of a London theatre.

But the horror is not yet complete. In a moment comes an explosion of the gas reservoirs, lifting the roof and spreading deadly

asphyxiating fumes throughout the building.

Then the flaming curtain falls outward on the plush seats, and sets them on fire, causing clouds of suffocating smoke.

The madness of terror seizes the audience. Chivalry, modesty, shame—every human feeling is lost in the blind, overpowering instinct of self-preservation. There are "forty ample exits," but the people know it not, and only fight fiercely for the three or four they see.

Down the tiers of seats in the balconies sweep men, women, and children in one confused mass. Some in their frenzy leap over the rails into the pit below. But the great majority struggle for the doors.

A Rush for Life.

There are few men, but some of them forget all manhood. They fight with fists, they push, they tear the clothes of the women in their rush for life. Mothers, with their little children, battle with clenched hands, with other women in similar case competing with them for safety.

Over this struggling mass the flames play fiercely. Some are mercifully killed at once by the blast of combined flame and gas. Whole rows of women, dead, their heads hanging over their breasts, are seen in the balcony chairs.

But the panic is more terrible even than the fire-torment. The aisles of the balconies are quickly piled with corpses three and four deep. Children fall under foot, and the adults rush heedless over their bodies. Near the exit the scene is indescribably horrible. The mass of bodies soon reaches within two feet of the ceiling—crushed and mangled women and children overcome while crawling over the bodies of those who have already died.

The Rescuers.

Some are with closed fists, still clenching fragments of clothing torn from others in the wild fight for existence.

The faces of some are trampled so that no semblance of the human remains. One man's body is actually beheaded, and crushed into pulp. The dead near the main exit are so jammed that the firemen, when they come, cannot lift them singly; it is necessary to seize a limb and pull the body out by sheer force.

Men who have seen bloody battlefields are overcome by horror; they have never seen a sight so gruesome in war.

And all this dreadful business has taken but ten minutes in the doing; a quarter of an hour ago all was gaiety in the "safest theatre" of Chicago!

The work of rescue commences; firemen crawl up the stairs leading to the balcony. When the door is reached one man turns round to his comrades, and exclaims, "Good God! don't walk on their faces." They find a pile of bodies of women higher than themselves—with faces that tell of the agony of their death.

A strange uniformity is observed. In nearly every case the victim's left arm is held stiff and close to the body, while the right is stretched out as if warding off the peril.

Frenzied Relatives.

There is a maddening scene outside—frenzied relatives demanding that they shall at least come near the scene of the holocaust. The rescue goes on as well as can be expected.

A Roman Catholic Bishop, who happens to pass, takes a prominent part. With the spirit of the ancient fathers he climbs to the gallery, and in the midst of hard, practical work gives absolution to the dying and injured. So long as any remain alive the brave Bishop refuses to leave.

Falls to Death.

Even after fire-escapes arrive many people are killed; the crush is so great that they are hurled to the ground. At one of the emergency exits, only half finished, is a scene of horror. It is fifty feet over a stone-paved alley, and there is no ladder to reach the ground.

Crowds of women are here, and one after another is pushed over to meet her death on the pitiless flags, the next rank being in turn doomed to destruction. At last a bridge is formed to an adjoining building, but there are twenty victims before this avenue of safety is found.

The Actors Escape.

The stage company, numbering 240, have escaped lightly. They had rushed out of the theatre in their grotesque make-up, and only one, Miss Annabella Moore, is mortally injured.

The chorus girls were driven into the bitter cold in their tightb; but Miss Violet McDonald, one of the most beautiful, declined to leave in this dress, and returned to her room to put on ordinary clothes. There she

was pinned in until the firemen hauled her through a coal-hole. Over fifty more were rescued through coal-holes, as the dressing-rooms were in the basement.

Heroes of the Fire.

Great credit is given (says Reuter) to the comedian Eddie Foy for the coolness with which he tried to calm the audience while the fire was raging round him.

The well-known baseball player, Mr. Houseman, was a spectator, and after getting out his own family, worked nobly in rescuing others. One terrified woman appealed to him from a window in the upper gallery, and, shrieking "Catch me," jumped. Mr. Houseman caught her in his arms, broke her fall, and she walked away uninjured.

The Cause.

The managers' explanation is that the fire was caused by the explosion of a calcium light. Reuter states that the underwriters' inspection revealed that a wire on which the Queen of the Aerial Ballet was to fly over the audience in the second act prevented the curtain being lowered.

Two English Victims.

It is feared that two English chorus girls, the daughters of Mr. Long, of Warwick, have perished.

The Funeral—King Edward's Sympathy.

The general burial of the victims will probably take place to-morrow, and the Mayor of Chicago suggests the closing of all business premises, as well as the quiet observance of New Year.

The King and Queen have sent a telegram of sympathy through Lord Lansdowne.

The Mayor of Chicago yesterday received the following message from President Roosevelt: "In common with all our people throughout this land, I extend to you and to the people of Chicago my deepest sympathy in the terrible catastrophe which has befallen them."

The following message was sent by the Lord Mayor of London to Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador:—"The citizens of London offer their deep sympathy and sincere condolences with the American people on the awful loss of life through the fire at Chicago."

AFTER THE FIRE.

Scenes in the Sepulchre of Pleasure-Seekers.

The theatre, become the sepulchre of so many hundreds of hapless pleasure seekers, now presents (says Reuter, telegraphing last night) a spectacle of indescribable ruin and confusion. The marble staircases are littered with bits of scorched clothing and fragments of charred remains, while from the upper galleries the auditorium looks like the crater of a burnt-out volcano.

The various garments—cloaks, furs, and the like—which were gathered after the fire was extinguished, are piled up in a saloon close by, and five bushel-baskets are filled with purses, gloves, handkerchiefs, and such miscellaneous articles, abandoned by the terrified women and children in their attempts to escape. There are also two barrels filled with shoes and overshoes picked up in the building.

Heartrending Scenes.

The various improvised morgues are still haunted by thousands of sorrow-stricken relatives of the victims, searching for their dead. Mr. Ludwick Wolfe, a millionaire, has searched in vain for his little daughter. One father identified his headless boy by his watch.

Mr. William Hoyt, president of an important grocery concern, found his daughter had escaped, but all his grandchildren are still missing, except one boy, who has been identified by his handkerchief. The friends of Mrs. Van Ingen, who is among the injured, found the body of one of her sons, and her other four children are also believed to have perished.

Mr. Crane, a millionaire, searched in vain all night for two of his nieces.

Tragic Surprise.

A telegraphic operator, who transmitted a long account of the fire, was unaware that his own wife was among the victims.

Many remarkable escapes are announced. One little girl who sat on the ground floor managed, unassisted, to climb over the heads of the terror-stricken fugitives who were between her and the only means of escape. Her clothing was in shreds.

Among the first to escape were two children, seated sixteen rows from the stage. Four women fainted near them, and others, dazed, remained where they sat. The children, however, got up, kicked the door open, and escaped.

The lively stable drivers on strike have unanimously voted a ten days' truce in order to help bury the dead.

LONDON THEATRES.

ARE THEY SAFE FROM FIRE
CATASTROPHES?

SOME REASSURING VIEWS.

The question which at once arises to the mind of the English reader is, "What danger is there of a similar catastrophe in London theatres?" The reply of the managers, so far as it goes, is reassuring.

Most of the managers either decline to be interviewed or content themselves with a simple statement that such a disaster would be impossible in London.

The representative of the Hippodrome claimed that that is the best-protected house in London, being entirely constructed of concrete, stone, and iron. Every member of the staff is drilled, the exits are ample, and the water tank on the roof can be utilised in case of need.

Mr. Walter Emden, Mayor of Westminster, who is an authority on theatre architecture, said all theatres fitted with the modern fire-proof appliances and safeguards provided by the London County Council regulations were absolutely safe. "Theatre-goers need not be alarmed," he said.

Mr. Douglas Cox, manager of the Alhambra, considers the panic was the cause of the appalling loss of life. He recalls how Mr. Toole and he prevented a panic at a Birmingham theatre, saving the situation by affably chatting together on the stage and assuring the audience there was only "a little smoke."

Laffan says Herr Brandt, the official supervisor at Berlin, considers the Schauspielhaus, where the stage only is of wood, the only adequately-protected theatre in Berlin. He insisted that no wood whatever should be used in theatre construction.

Sir Algernon West, chairman of the London County Council Theatres Committee, has an article in "The Nineteenth Century and After," on the subject of safety in London theatres. He says enormous advances have been made in fireproof materials, and this has much increased the safety of the public. Chemical science has now provided a substance to render muslin and canvas non-inflammable, and this has already been taken advantage of for scenery. In London, in a properly licensed building, no life has been lost, except that of a fireman, since 1858. "The only danger we have to fear in London," says Sir Algernon, "is panic. Everything that human ingenuity can devise for the safety of the public has been adopted."

Mr. Stevens, manager for Mr. Arthur Bourchier at the Garrick Theatre, informed a *Daily Mirror* representative last night that the news from Chicago had appreciably affected the attendance at the Garrick at both performances. "There is no cause for fear," he said; "London theatre regulations are much more stringent than those in America."

Authorities in New York say there is really no theatre there in which such an awful accident might not occur.

ARRESTED AFTER THE HOTEL FIRE.

Shortly after the serious fire at Bourne Hall Hotel, Bournemouth, on Wednesday, the police arrested a man named Henry Pole Smith, who had been a guest at the establishment since Monday. Before the magistrates yesterday, he was charged with obtaining credit by fraud, and remanded. He declined to give any account of himself.

He arrived at the hotel with his arm in a sling, saying that he had met with a motor accident, and was accommodated with a room. He remained until Wednesday, when the fire broke out.

ROBBERY AT A SALE.

After an auction sale at Romford it was found that silver plate valued at £100 was missing. It was traced to London, and three auctioneer's porters were arrested.

They were remanded at Romford Police Court yesterday, bail being refused on account of a statement from the police that other property was believed to have been stolen.

MOTHER AND CHILD DROWNED.

No satisfactory explanation could be given at the inquest yesterday, at Leicester, as to how Mrs. Dexter, whose body, together with her infant son's, was taken from the canal on Wednesday, got into the water. But it was shown in evidence that she had lately been suffering from depression. An open verdict was returned.

Brevet-Major Lord Charles Bentinck has been appointed Commandant of the School of Instruction for Yeomanry at Aldershot.

A national testimonial is in progress for the great detective, Superintendent Melville, who recently retired. The committee is most influential and distinguished.

Gold to the value of £800,000 was landed at Plymouth last night for London from India.

JAPAN MORE HOPEFUL.

Russia Showing a Milder Tone—
Japan's New Cruisers.

A much more hopeful feeling is entertained at the Japanese Embassy with regard to the Far Eastern situation.

The reason for this feeling is believed to be the milder tone of Russia. The Tsar's Government has made concessions, in view of which Japan is not inclined to press for all she originally demanded. Russia is believed to have agreed to the landing of Japanese troops in Korea in case of their presence being demanded by disturbances there.

The two Argentine cruisers now building in Italy, for which Japan was in treaty, have now been definitely bought for £1,500,000. The vessels are to be renamed the *Kasuga* and the *Nyashin*, and are, in Viscount Hayashi's view, valuable additions to the Japanese Navy.

There is no direct news of importance from Japan, but Reuter says unrest continues in Southern Korea.

DIVORCE PAPERS SERVED IN PRISON.

Under the Fugitive Offenders Act, Lieutenant Elliott Armstrong, who commanded a section of the Welsh Yeomanry in South Africa, and was invalided home after being twice wounded, was brought before Sir Albert de Rutzen at Bow-street Court yesterday. Evidence was given that in May last Lieutenant Armstrong drew cheques on Messrs. Cox's Bank when there was nothing standing to his credit.

The magistrate ordered an adjournment and granted bail, the defendant stating that since he had been in prison his wife had served divorce papers on him, and that he had to appear on Monday, otherwise the matter would go against him in default.

TRAGEDY OF A BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER.

A Warwickshire farm bailiff's daughter, Lizzie Scarsbrooke, thirty-one years of age, has committed suicide by taking a dose of laudanum.

The story told at the inquest at Berkswell Hall, Coventry, yesterday, was that against her father's will she had been keeping company with a young villager. After being at church together on Sunday night they parted, the man expressing a hope that they might begin the New Year afresh. On the next night the woman took the poison, having previously written a letter signed "Your broken-hearted lover."

DEATH OF A VETERAN JOURNALIST.

An editor who had much to do with the golden age of English illustration has just passed away in the person of Mr. Mason Jackson, who for many years was art editor of the "Illustrated London News."

Mr. Jackson, who was eighty-four years old, passed peacefully away at his house in Kensington. He was still a director of the journal which, with the late Mr. Herbert Ingram, he had helped into the foremost rank. Mr. Jackson had seen the fine wood-cuts of the 'fifties, 'sixties, and 'seventies give way before the process-block, and he often regretted the change.

NOT PERMISSIBLE AT MUSIC-HALLS.

"The Dandy Doctor" was recently included in the performance at the New Cross Empire Music-Hall. But "The Dandy Doctor" comes within the category of "stage" plays, and yesterday the crusade by the Theatrical Managers' Association advanced a step further, when Moss's Empires, Ltd., proprietors of the above place of entertainment (as well as of several other music-halls), were fined £20 at Greenwich Police Court for allowing a stage play to be performed without the necessary licence. Mr. Moss, the head of this syndicate, runs the Hippodrome.

HONOURS FOR INDIAN OFFICIALS.

The King has conferred the honour of Knighthood on Mr. Walter Mytton Colvin, barrister, lately a member of the Indian Police Commission.

The Kaisar-i-Hind medal and the Order of the Star of India have also been conferred on a number of Indian administrators.

UTAH'S SALT LAKE DIMINISHING.

According to a telegram from New York to the "Pettit Journal," the Mormon population of Utah are much concerned about the gradual subsidence of the Great Salt Lake, and unless energetic measures are immediately taken to dam the lake it will soon entirely disappear.

TWO LIONS FOR MR. ROOSEVELT.

A commercial treaty has been concluded between the United States and Ethiopia. The Emperor Menelik has sent two lions and two elephants' tusks to President Roosevelt as a tribute of personal respect.

FRENCH TRANSPORT AND CREW LOST.

The loss of the French transport *La Vienne* is now regarded by the French Government as a certainty. There was a crew of forty-nine on board.

The late Mr. J. J. Gurney, of Gateshead, has left £10,000 to the Baptist Missionary Society.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

An Official Invitation to Visit
Australia.

Mr. Chamberlain has been invited to visit Australia by the Federal Premier, Mr. Deakin, on behalf of the Government. The right hon. gentleman's decision is not yet known. The invitation was cabled yesterday, and points out that the preferential trade leagues which are in course of formation would receive an immense impetus from such a visit.

Mr. Chamberlain has been presented by a Leeds tradesman with a British-made overcoat. He has gratefully accepted it as a specimen of British work.

YEARS TOO LATE.

Disappointed Radium-hunters in
Hatton Garden.

Radium-hunters, who went down Hatton Garden yesterday expecting (after Sir William Ramsay's announcement) to find the precious metal lying in the dust outside Messrs. Johnson, Matthey, and Co.'s premises were disappointed.

They were at least twenty-five years too late. Fifty years ago the firm handled large quantities of uranium ore, extracting from it uranium oxide, then used largely in colouring glass. It was then that hundreds of tons of residuum, each containing a speck or two of the precious radium, went to fill in low lying parts of London. At all events none is left for the chemists of the firm to work over today.

How the audience at Sir William Ramsay's lecture got the idea that the firm had recently thrown away radium-containing material, Messrs. Johnson, Matthey, and Co. cannot understand.

"Fifty years ago," said a representative of the firm yesterday, "we had no means of detecting the existence of radium, so that we cannot be blamed for treating as rubbish material which was then of absolutely no value. If we had had any suspicion that a valuable substance was contained in the residuum, it would not have gone to fill in the foundations of London."

A SLIPPING VILLAGE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Thursday.

The little village of Canaveilles, which certainly lives up to its name's meaning, for Canaveilles means "ancient walls," is slipping slowly but surely down the hillside on which it is perched, and the authorities fear a catastrophe at any moment.

Canaveilles, which is not very far from Perpignan, has 200 souls, and nestles at a height of some 2,700 feet above sea-level, and a full 1,000 feet above the road. The whole of it is built upon a rock, which has begun to slide downhill, and every house in Canaveilles already shows great cracks and crevices in every wall.

FATE OF MISS CORELLI'S FARTHING.

Speculation as to what use Miss Marie Corelli might possibly make of the farthing, awarded her as damages by the Birmingham jury, has been set at rest by a communication which the defendant in the action has received from Miss Corelli's solicitors.

"We are instructed by our client," it runs, "to inform the defendant that she is happy to present him with the damages granted by the jury, as a contribution to one of the many Stratford charities he no doubt supports."

RAILWAY COLLISION AT CHESTER.

A passenger train from Birkenhead entering Chester station shortly before eight yesterday morning collided with a ballast engine and brake-van. Both engines left the rails, and Thomas Cowap, the guard in charge of the brake van, was killed. A plate-lay was cut about the head, and three female passengers on the Birkenhead train were slightly injured.

LADIES NOT WANTED.

Applications for seats at the Guildhall on the occasion of the forthcoming speech by Mr. Chamberlain are already three times in excess of the available accommodation. There will be about 800 seats, and standing room for nearly 3,000 people. As the accommodation is not suitable for their comfort it is hoped that ladies will not attend.

FLOUR MILLS IN THE LONDON DOCKS.

Millers are recognising the advantages of the dock facilities in London, and, as a consequence, several Hull, Birkenhead, and Liverpool firms are negotiating with the London and India Docks Company for sites for the erection of flour mills. The millers will be able to discharge cargoes of grain direct from the ship to the mills, thereby saving the cost and delay of lighterage and ensuring a better delivery of the flour to the various depôts.

Miss Ada Clare, a member of Mr. George Edwardes's principal companies, died at the residence of her husband, Mr. Otto C. Culling, at Bury, yesterday, after a short illness.

COMING BY-ELECTIONS.

Nominations for Mid-Devon—
Gateshead Candidates.

General Sir Richard Harrison, Unionist, and Mr. H. T. Eve, K.C., Liberal, were yesterday nominated as candidates to contest the vacancy caused by the death of the Rt. Hon. C. Seale-Hayne, the late Liberal member for Mid-Devon.

At Gateshead various Richmonds are in the field, and the Unionists are discussing the names of Viscount Morpeth, of Mr. Pandelli Ralli, of Sir John Sherburn (who has already tried conclusions with the late member, Sir William Allan), and of the ex-mayor of Newcastle, Sir William Haswell Stephenson.

The Liberals are almost unanimous in support of Mr. John Johnson, treasurer of the Durham Miners' Association. There is also some talk of a Labour candidate in the shape of Mr. Barnes, the Secretary of the Engineers' Society, and a similar difficulty has arisen at Norwich, where Mr. Ernest Wild is the Unionist and Mr. Louis Tillet the Liberal candidate.

At Ayr, Mr. Joseph Dobbie, the Liberal candidate, yesterday issued his address. All these contests will be fought on the fiscal question.

NO NEW YEAR'S HONOURS.

For the first time in a long series of years New Year's Day brings with it no list of honours.

This fact occasions no surprise, as the King's birthday coming so near to the end of the year precludes the issue of another list of honours on January 1. For the future, "Coronation Day" honours will take the place of "New Year's Honours."

NAVAL SQUADRON FOR AUSTRALIA.

Australia will shortly have a naval squadron of her own, as arranged by the Imperial and Federal Governments. The new flagship *Euryalus*, a heavily-armed cruiser with a speed of twenty-one knots, will be commissioned this month at Portsmouth, and will probably arrive at the Antipodes during March.

Four other war vessels will be sent out during the year, the fleet already there will be reorganised, and two drill ships appointed.

THE TRIUMPH OF THREE YOUNG WOMEN.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Geneva, Thursday.

Three young Russian ladies, named Michaelowsky, Srebransky, and Beresowsky, have passed their examination for doctors at the Lausanne University, with honours. The careers of the lady doctors could supply food for a modern romance.

About the same age, attending the same school, near Moscow, and above the average intelligence, they quickly discovered that at every turn they met obstacles in the higher studies in Russia, and determined to leave the country.

They finally managed to scrape enough together to reach Lausanne, where they were assisted by comrades. With economy, and by giving lessons, they succeeded in paying their fees, and reaching the goal of their ambition.

It is their intention to return to Russia and improve the condition of the Russian peasants in their district.

PREYING UPON PHILATELISTS.

The keenness of stamp collectors to acquire any extraordinary specimens placed upon the market has enabled the Postmaster-General of Panama to adopt an ingenious method of raising money for his Government. He has issued, the "Daily Tribune" states, "freak" stamps with more than forty variations in all, with the result that he has already obtained thousands of pounds from collectors in the United States.

SCOTLAND'S DEBT.

"Folk Song in Scotland" was the subject dealt with at yesterday's sitting of the Incorporated Society of Musicians at Glasgow. Dr. Daniel Wilson opened the debate. He found Scotland's backwardness in musical development to be due, not to the bagpipes, but to the nation's long isolation. In the ensuing discussion it was stated that the bagpipes were an importation from England! This in the country of the "Lost Fiddler."

LESS WORK FOR COTTON SPINNERS.

The general committee of the Master Cotton Spinners' Association yesterday issued a recommendation to all British firms spinning American cotton to commence short time immediately by stopping all their mills until breakfast time daily and all day on Saturdays.

This would curtail working hours from fifty-five and a half to forty per week. The object is to lessen the consumption of American cotton by 30 per cent.

"WIRELESS" STRIKE ORDERS.

The "Pettit Journal," in stating that the captains of the Austrian Lloyd steamers have decided to go out on strike, adds that the strikers have advised by wireless telegraphy all the captains now at sea, and have invited them to join the strike.

MANSION HOUSE APPEAL.

FUNDS ASKED FOR TO AID LONDON'S UNEMPLOYED.

WORK TEST WILL BE IMPOSED.

The Lord Mayor issued from the Mansion House last night, on behalf of the Mansion House Unemployed Committee, an appeal for public support to meet the distress from want of employment, which (Sir J. T. Ritchie says) all those who have had most experience of the working classes agree to be inevitable during the present winter.

In his letter to the *Daily Mirror* and the other morning journals his lordship says:—"Reports from the East End especially show that there is need for immediate assistance in the case of a large number of genuine unemployed, while severe weather would greatly increase the distress."

"There is a growing consensus of feeling that any help that is to be given ought to be afforded in the form of work. There can be little doubt that the self-respecting unemployed greatly prefer to give work in return for what they receive in the way of assistance. It is, therefore, proposed to make the acceptance of work the exclusive test."

"The interest aroused by the recent letter signed by the Bishop of Stepney, Canon Barnett, and other East End workers has induced the committee to make an experiment in the direction of providing work in the country, and, as an immediate step, some men have already been sent to Hadleigh and to Osea Island, where provision for accommodation and employment already exists. The committee does not by any means limit itself to these two places, and inquiries are being made in several directions. The men are supported in the country while they are at work, and substantial assistance is given to their families in London."

"In order to make any serious impression upon the distress among the genuine unemployed, whose homes it is most desirable to keep together, a considerable sum will be required, and as the balance from the Mansion House Fund of 1895 (some £450) has been already practically exhausted in the relief of distress, it is necessary that further donations should be forthcoming without delay if this experiment is to be made with any likelihood of success. Their Royal Highnesses the Princess and Princess of Wales have graciously sent contributions to the fund."

"Modest in itself, and with no pretension to do more than touch the fringe of the great problem of the unemployed in London, the proposal, if carried out, will, it is hoped, enable some hundreds of deserving families to tide over the winter in some degree of comfort."

"The work-test and the distance of the farm colonies from London seem important factors in preventing the professional mendicant and the idler from being benefited by the scheme, which will at least enable those who desire to afford some help to the unemployed to render it with the assurance that it will reach only those who give some real proof that they are worthy of it."

"I shall be glad to receive donations for the fund at the Mansion House, and to acknowledge them in the newspapers."

WHY SMOKING IS HURTFUL.

It is not so much nicotine as the poisonous carbon monoxide, says the "Lancet," that is responsible for the dizziness and stupor, the trembling of the limbs and the hands, the disturbance of the nerves and of the circulation, the palpitation that follows a slight effort, and the feeble pulse, that are the consequences of excessive smoking. Nicotine, says the same authority, is a very small factor in smoking, and some investigators deny that any nicotine occurs in the tobacco smoke at all. Therefore it must be the carbon monoxide that does it.

THE STRANGE WOMAN OF THE CLIFFS.

Yet once more Jeannie, the Polish Jewess, who spent months wandering about the Cornish cliffs, has attempted to escape from Penzance Workhouse. But she was seen and easily captured, as she was hampered by a double set of clothing and a blanket which she had wrapped round herself. It has now been decided to send her to the Jewish Board of Guardians in London.

NAVAL PROMOTIONS.

With the new year comes a long list of promotions in the Navy. Captain Charles Ramsay Arbuthnot, A.D.C., becomes a Rear-Admiral of the Fleet; sixteen commanders are given the rank of Captain of the Fleet, and thirty-five lieutenants are advanced to the rank of commander. Thirty-seven sub-lieutenants become lieutenants, subject to their obtaining certain certificates of proficiency.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR MARRIAGE.

"All attempts to bring men and women together with the avowed object of marriage" (a very wise correspondent writes in the "Times") "are doomed more or less to failure. The conditions most favourable are when the ordinary courses of their lives. These conditions are secured at a refreshment bar."

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman will speak at Glasgow on January 27.

SKATING BEGINS.

Fatalities and Accidents Due to the Frost.

At Cockmarsh, near Bourne End and Marlow, skating is in full swing, as in several other places along the Thames Valley. At Sandringham yesterday various members of the Royal Family had their skates greased, in anticipation of the ice bearing on the morrow. The Fen country is in parts open to skaters, and at Littleport yesterday Mr. Mott admitted the public to the Moors. On Saturday, if all goes well, he hopes to preside at the professional championship races.

The National Skating Association has held an emergency meeting, and, should the frost hold, racing will begin in the Fens on Monday and extend over the following days.

In London itself no skating has as yet taken place. The ponds on Clapham Common seem perfectly safe, although the authorities have not yet thrown them open to the public. Hyde Park, too, promises well, and it is expected that by the end of the week the Serpentine will present an aspect similar to the one that prevailed during the winter of 1895-96. At Bushey and Hampton Court the ice is thick enough to begin operations, but the officials are reserving it for to-morrow afternoon.

Hunting is, of course, at a standstill throughout the country.

Already reports of several fatalities, due to the frost, have reached us. In Monmouthshire two collier lads went off to skate on Wednesday evening, and yesterday their bodies were recovered from a small pond near their village. In East Lothian a man slipped on the frozen road and fractured his skull. Near Halton, N.B., a motor-car was upset owing to the skidding of the wheels, and two of the three occupants were severely injured.

While out walking, the five-year-old son of Mr. L. Shephard, manager of the Woking branch of the Capital and Counties Bank, succeeded in evading his nurse, and was lost.

On a search being made his body was found in the Basingstoke Canal, which was covered with a thin sheet of ice.

STOCKBROKERS' REVOLT.

A boisterous scene took place in the Cardiff Exchange yesterday on account of a proposal to raise the subscription from one guinea to two guineas per annum.

About one thousand merchants, shipowners, and stockbrokers resolved to boycott the floor, and several of those present offered sums amounting to £40,000 with which to build a new Exchange.

"Britons never shall be slaves," "Goodbye, Dolly, I must leave you," and "Sail Away" were rendered as appropriate ditties, and some of the more riotous spirits marched out of the building.

Then the directors, thinking it time to hoist the white flag, came forth and consulted with the leaders of the "concert," with the result that the subscription is to remain at a guinea.

SHABBY FRAUD BY A BUSINESS MAN.

The Westminster magistrate spoke strongly yesterday on the case of Peter Carmichael, managing partner of a large firm in Brompton-road, who was fined 40s. with £2 2s. costs, for travelling on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway without a ticket.

After hearing the evidence Mr. Sheil, remarked that the maximum fine of 40s. was quite inadequate to meet such a shabby fraud. The defendant, who had been a season-ticket holder for ten years, had evidently been travelling without a ticket for some time.

THE QUARTER'S REVENUE.

The revenue for the third quarter of the year is £33,540,884, which is £2,631,947 below the receipts of the third quarter of 1902. The reduction of taxation effected by the last Budget must in this matter be taken into account.

YESTERDAY'S OPEN-AIR SPORTS.

THE SECOND TEST MATCH.

A Reuter special cablegram from Melbourne yesterday brought the unwelcome tidings that Mr. Bosanquet had injured his right hand while practising at the nets, and will be unable to play in the Test Match which begins this morning. Arnold is still doubtful, and the Englishmen may, therefore, have to take the field short of two of the team which won the first Test Match. Should this be the case Knight and Fielder will probably be the substitutes.

HURST PARK—DEATH IN A RACE.

It says much for the esteem in which Hurst Park is held by race-goers that the attendance yesterday afternoon showed little, if any, falling off, despite the fact that the majority of the people shook their heads on leaving the course the previous evening, when it was announced that, bar snow or fog, racing would be sure to take place. With no snow to remove the frost, the going was very hard in places, and if the atmosphere was not quite so cold, many owners decided to take no risks and sent their charges back.

This accounted for the absence of Cossack Post in the Kingston Hurst, which saw the last of the erratic Simon Glover, for on coming into the straight Driscoll noticed the horse was reeling, and no sooner had he pulled him up than the five-year-old son of St. Andrew fell head, the cause being attributed to heart affection.

The Wolsey Selling Hurdle was productive of loud cheering on the part of the fielders when the number-board denoted that the despised O'Donovan had secured the race after a good struggle with Postilio, whilst, contrary to expectations, the principal race, the Old Year Handicap Steeplechase, only produced five runners for the prize of 1800 sovs. The wagering was close between four

THREE NEW ACTS.

That Come Into Force To-day—Child Labour Regulations.

Among the five new Acts of Parliament which come into force to-day the most interesting to the majority of people are the Motor-Car Act, the Employment of Children Act, and the Poor Prisoners' Defence Act.

Expressed briefly the first-named Act provides that every motor-car must be registered and have its number affixed to it; drivers must take out annual licences; fines and imprisonment may be imposed for neglecting to stop when an accident occurs or driving at a speed dangerous to the public; twenty miles an hour is fixed as the maximum speed.

The Act dealing with the employment of children gives local authorities powers to make bye-laws restricting the hours of labour of children. No child under eleven is to be allowed to trade in the streets, and boy and girl street traders may have to wear badges. This Act also makes the employment at a theatre of any child under ten illegal.

The Poor Prisoners' Defence Act introduces the principle of State payment for the defence of accused persons whom it has been satisfactorily established cannot themselves afford to pay for legal assistance.

"A MOST DECEITFUL WOMAN."

For approaching ladies in Cavendish-square with the observation, "Oh dear, oh dear, madam! I am in such distress; I am out of employment; could you assist me?" Milly Henry, alias Barclay, who gave her age as thirty-two, but who, so her father said, was nearly fifty-three, was yesterday charged at Marylebone Police Court with begging. She had £1 10s. 4d. in her pocket at the time, and was employed in an Edgware-road baby-linen warehouse by a gentleman who described her as "a most deceitful woman."

During the proceedings it was stated that she had married at sixteen, separating from her husband at the church door. Then she went to Australia and married a second husband, with whom she had failed to agree. She now wanted "to earn her living in a respectable way," but Mr. Curtis Bennett ordered a constable to take her to the workhouse.

"SCANDALOUS" GENEROSITY.

The melancholy facts published relating to the case of a woman who supported her family by making trousers at the price of six farthings a pair have led to the Brentford Police Court missionary receiving contributions amounting to £1300 from people in every part of the country, whose sympathy had been aroused.

The chairman of the Bench (Mr. Montague Sharpe), being informed of this yesterday, ordered the money to be paid into court, directing that the woman should receive merely "all things requisite for her comfort." The balance is to be handed over to the Middlesex Sessions' Victoria Fund.

He considered it "a scandalous thing that so much money should be collected for such a purpose."

ANOTHER SOMALILAND FIASCO.

Reuter's correspondent cables from Somaliland the unpleasant news that there seems little chance of the expedition capturing the Mullah, or even inflicting a decisive blow on his forces. The transport is slow and the country is wide.

FOR SWEET CHARITY'S SAKE.

Nearly four hundred people danced to the music of the Red and White Austrian Bands and the still pleasanter tune of helping the funds of the West-street Hospital for Women at the Brighton Pavilion last night.

Among those present were Lady Poynton, Lady Ellis, and her daughters, and Miss Sassoon.

HOW THE CLERGY FAIL.

MANY CORRESPONDENTS ON THE UNREST IN THE CHURCH.

LETTERS AND SUGGESTIONS.

"Unrest in the Church" is the subject which many correspondents of the *Daily Mirror* have very much at heart.

"I don't like the way the parsons back-bite one another in their pulpits," writes E. B. C. "When there is no loyalty between themselves, I do not see how you can expect them to show loyalty in a common cause."

"How is it you can go into the poorest cottages in Normandy and Belgium," writes "Traveller," "and find women who regularly leave their work each morning to go and pray? Our working-people in England are as a class quite Godless. The clergy should alter that, instead of disputing."

"There is no discipline in the Anglican Church," writes "An Old Catholic," "because there is no authority. The clergy will not acknowledge a temporal authority, and many of them do not seem to care much for the spiritual."

Freedom or Anarchy?

"What is this freedom of interpretation? we hear so much about?" asks "Another Vicar." "The phrase is a synonym for anarchy, and ought to be stamped out."

"In its present state," declares "An Old-fashioned Christian," "there seems to be no reason for the continuance of the Church of England. If we want authority there is the Roman Church; if spirituality, we have it most prominently displayed in the sayings and writings of Nonconformist divines; if zeal and progress, there is the Salvation Army. The Church of England has lost its power in the villages and has never gained it in the towns."

"Until the laity is cleared of the crisis," writes "Presbyter," "all the clergy are suspect. They should solemnly reaffirm their faith in the unalterable truths of Christianity, or leave their pulpits. That would dissipate the storm."

Honest Membership Wanted.

"Brave words" accurately describes your leading article of Dec. 22 on 'The Clergy and Plain English,' as the vicar of St. Anne's, Hoxton, points out in your columns on Christmas Eve," writes the Rev. Robert P. C. Corfe.

To see a new London daily (morning) paper take so resolute a stand upon the firm ground as to honest membership of the Church of England is as gratifying as it is timely. "Canon Henson has long been recognised as a perfect free lance, with full permission to tilt at everybody and everything; but his views as to Churchmanship are purely fictitious, and have no foundation either in the law or polity of the Church of England."

"They who desire to make the Church of England creedless, doctrineless, and, to a great extent, Bible-less can follow the dictates of strict probity by forming their own Church, and getting together endowments for the same."

Endowments and offices of the Church of England are for bestowal upon those who teach the doctrines of that Church, and not upon others.

"I have always held that the great Christian heart of this country is still sound, and the appearance of the *Daily Mirror* strengthens my conviction."

WATER TURNED INTO CREAMY MILK.

Early risers in an outlying part of Putney last Sunday morning saw a Fulham dairyman, named James Frederick Timms, who was throwing away the contents of a milk-can as he ran, being hotly chased by a London County Council inspector, who was shouting "I want half a pint of new milk."

The inspector told the South-Western magistrate yesterday that, eventually capturing Timms, he found that some of his cans contained water coloured with anatto. He explained that anatto gives to water a creamy look, and to the inexperienced eye the water so manipulated has the appearance of good milk.

The defendant was fined £5.

THE YEAR'S END ON 'CHANGE.

Business on the Stock Exchange was well suspended after mid-day, managers being more concerned about winding up their business for the year and catching an early train for the New Year's Day holiday, which in many cases will be easier better on the ground than Tuesday next, should there be no upheaval in Japan in the meantime.

Those members who could not get away early devoted themselves to playing practical jokes and wishing one another better luck in the New Year, the year past having been the poorest for Stock Exchange business yet experienced.

A considerable sum of money was collected before the close for the "Refugee" and "Poor Children's Fund." Consols opened flat on reports of the Japanese Government mobilising its troops, but recovered later and closed, if anything, rather better on the day.

Japanese and Chinese bonds suffered most among the stocks in the Foreign Market, but the former closed firmer again. French Renten fell to 97, on fears that Rouvier may still decide to resign.

The few transactions which took place in the Home Railway Market were chiefly of a nature of sales before the holiday. Fresh capital requirements were responsible for a fall in Chatham and Metropolitan stocks.

The American Market has not yet begun to regard the Eastern situation in a serious light. After a dull start prices hardened up again.

Canadian Rails were dull. One of the directors of the Grand Trunk Company, Mr. G. Allen, has sent in his resignation owing to a difference of opinion with his colleagues as to the extension to the Pacific.

South African made a poor response to the passing by the Transvaal Legislature of the Chinese Labour Bill, though prices closed above the worst.

FOOTBALL AND GOLF.

The Oxford University Occasionals played the third match of their Northern tour yesterday, when they defeated Alderley Edge by four goals to one. Lionel Balfour (the odd) won somewhat easily, and completed the round of eighteen holes in the capital score of seventy-seven strokes.

Yesterday the Prime Minister, on arriving at Northampton, was met by the Northamptonshire County Council, and played a round with the amateur ex-champion, Mr. J. E. Laidley, on the golf links. Mr. Laidley (although giving Mr. Balfour the odd) won somewhat easily, and completed the round of eighteen holes in the capital score of seventy-seven strokes.

LONDON'S DEATH TRAPS.

THE RISKS OF FIRE AND PANIC
WHICH WE FACE EVERY DAY.

It is only when we are confronted by a terrible calamity that we question our own safety. With the full knowledge that the Iroquois Theatre in Chicago was of the latest construction, and replete in every detail with fire-preventive and life-saving appliances, we have to face a tragedy so ghastly that we can hardly grasp its full awfulness. What would be the horrors which would follow a similar fire and panic in almost any public building in London? They can hardly be imagined, for it is only from the more recently constructed buildings that half the audience could hope to escape.

Every theatre in London which has not been completely rebuilt during the last twenty years is a perfect death-trap.

Long passages, winding and narrow, lead from the entrance halls to the stalls and dress circles, while the staircases to the upper circles and galleries are difficult to descend even in the calmest moments.

In one theatre which has just been abandoned the exit from, and approach to, the gallery was by means of a steep spiral stairway, which a panic would have converted into a shambles in a few moments.

But the greatest danger of the London theatres lies in their situation, and in the way in which the fire regulations of the London County Council are evaded. The exit doors in many cases open direct into narrow courts, which would be hopelessly blocked long before half the audience could leave the building, and so entirely do away with the advantages which are entailed in numerous doors of escape.

Leaning Upon a Reed.

More than one London theatre which does not abut upon the main street is entered by a long passage between shops and other buildings. In one instance this passage is about 150 feet in length. It is impossible to imagine what would happen if fire should start in one of the neighbouring shops and spread to the theatre by means of this so-called exit. Hardly a life could be saved.

The neatly-coiled hose pipes and the brightly-polished brass nozzles, which give such an appearance of security as they hang neatly framed in their glass cases, are frequently a mere delusion. Often when a building has been sold up these coils of hose have been sold by auction and transferred to a theatre or music-hall without being even uncoiled or affixed to the branch pipes at their new quarters. Several instances have occurred in which, when tested, after they have perhaps been in position for six months or so, they have been found to be of a different gauge to the branch pipes to which they should be attached in case of fire.

To comply with the fire regulations, theatre managers have been known to buy hose at about twopence a foot, while the normal price for warranted fire hose is about eightpence a foot. Hose of this kind would practically fly to pieces if submitted to the strain of a pressure of water capable of reaching a height of from twenty to thirty feet.

Dangerous Concert Halls.

Another apparently reassuring factor in which no reliance must be placed is the uniformed fireman on duty at a theatre or music-hall. He is seldom a fireman in anything but appearance, and even those men who have been drawn from the ranks of a recognised fire brigade, though no doubt capable of keeping their heads in the presence of fire, have had no experience of command in a moment of emergency.

The music-hall on the whole is safer than the theatre, for the large lobbies which were originally intended as promenades help to make the doors easier of access. Music-halls, too, have been built with a greater leaning towards comfort, and there is consequently more space between the rows of seats, while the gangways are broader to allow a more frequent coming and going of the audience, but even so, few are comparatively safe.

The London concert halls, though dangerous as a whole, are not so bad as might be expected. The Royal Albert Hall, for instance, is a good example of a safe building, with doors leading out into a large, clear space in all directions.

The old St. James's Hall, on the other hand, was very bad, and there are few London concert halls from which an audience could hope to escape in case of panic.

A Word to the Clergy.

But however terrible as death-traps the London theatres may be, the churches are far worse. A panic and fire in a large London church would surpass even this Chicago horror.

Not a single London church is provided with hydrants and hose, and not one of them is fitted with the automatically-opening doors which so largely contribute to the safety of a crowd maddened by fear.

It is seldom that more than one doorway is used as an exit from a church. In fact,

many churches have only one, and where a second doorway does exist it is only a small door leading from a vestry which is carefully hidden in some corner, and quite useless to anyone not intimately acquainted with the building.

But, as though the difficulty were not enough, a strong wooden screen frequently splits up the only way of escape into two narrow passages. Each of these is further closed by a small door, beyond which is another sharp turn before the main doorway is reached.

Nor would there be any use turning to the windows of a church for a way of escape. Often six feet from the floor, and with heavy unopening iron frames, they would be as securely closed as the loopholes of a prison. It was this arrangement of the windows that led to the enormous loss of life at the great Charity Fete fire in Paris.

Alterations Urgently Needed.

It has been pleaded that an outbreak of fire is very unlikely in a church. This is quite wrong. The majority of churches are heated from below the floor by means of a furnace and hot pipes—often hot-air pipes. This method of heating is especially dangerous. Sparks from the furnace escape from a break in a hot-air pipe, and the dry woodwork of the flooring bursts into flame almost immediately. The only escape for a congregation of several hundred persons, of whom the greater number are women, is then by means of one half-blocked-up doorway.

Quite recently the fire brigade was called out to Westminster Abbey owing to a defective flue in the heating apparatus.

Old, dry wooden panelling and pews, inflammable as tinder from age, would carry fire as rapidly as the scenery of a theatre, and even though some would escape from the floor of the church, there would be no possibility of help for those who, in a blind attempt to escape from a blazing wooden gallery, would block the dark and narrow staircase, which is almost always the only exit from such a ghastly deathtrap.

THE PASSING OF THE PRIVATE VIEW.

There will be no private view of the "International" exhibition at the New Gallery. Instead, the custom of the "vernissage" will be revived. The history of this is curious. It was originally the custom at the Paris Salon for the artists to varnish and touch up their pictures a day or two before the exhibition opened its doors, and to ask a few of their friends to take a look round in advance while they were doing so. Gradually the number of these friends increased, until the "vernissage" became not a vanishing day at all, but a "private view." Then came another development. This was the admission of the public at five francs a head, in addition to the invited guests. So the "private view" in its turn became a misnomer.

At the New Gallery those few who are invited to the "vernissage" will see the artists actually at work. A more extensive private view will follow on Monday (January 11), when a reception will be held with M. Rodin, the famous sculptor and the International Society's president, as receiver of guests. When a private view was really private, when it was shared only by the friends of the artists and by a few really distinguished people and a few wealthy picture-buyers, it had some social value. But to the private views of recent years any one has been able to go who had sufficient assurance to demand or worry for a ticket. Notoriety hunters still go to them and a host of nobodies, but they are nowadays a "back number."

THE QUEEN'S KINDNESS.

Queen Alexandra is taking an active part in a scheme which will ultimately provide sixty self-contained suites of apartments for the widows and daughters of naval and military officers of a certain rank, whose incomes do not exceed £100 a year, and who are not less than fifty years of age.

This miniature Hampton Court will be erected at Wimbledon Park, where 3½ acres of freehold land have already been secured, and twenty-four suites of apartments are now in course of erection. Queen Alexandra has devoted the Coronation gift of £10,000 received from an Australian gentleman, and £5,000 from her Majesty's War Fund to this object. Another £30,000 are required to complete the twenty suites, for which there are already more applicants than would fill them.

DETECTIVE'S TESTIMONIAL.

A scheme to present Mr. William Melville, the late Superintendent of the Political Department of Scotland Yard, with a national testimonial has been undertaken by Mr. Walter Emden, J.P., the Mayor of Westminster, and an influential committee.

The department in which Mr. Melville rendered such distinguished service was formed twenty years ago, especially to enable the police to deal effectively with the Anarchists who were terrorising this country by a series of dynamite outrages.

Superintendent Melville was foremost in unravelling the plots and securing the arrests of the perpetrators of these crimes, and although threatened with murder again and again, he always fearlessly did his duty.

Mr. Herbert H. Twining and the Mayor of Westminster are the joint hon. treasurers, and contributions may be sent to them, or to Lloyds Bank, Limited, 222, Strand, London, W.C.

THE "NOTICE OF DIVORCE."

A CARD TO WHICH IT IS DIFFICULT
TO REPLY.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Thursday.
It seems but yesterday that "M. Naquet's new Divorce Bill," as it was then called, was raising hot and angry discussion in Paris, and that the possibility of a divorce between a man and woman who had once been married was looked upon not only as an impious thing, but as a dreamer's notion (and a wrong one) of Utopia.

And now divorce has so passed into Paris life that cards of this kind (I suppress the name, of course) are circulated just as freely as the notices of birth or marriage:—

Monsieur Paul X—has the honour to inform you of his divorce, the verdict in his favour having been given against Madame Louise Z—on Monday, 28th December, 1903.

What is the form of congratulation which ought to be sent in answer to a divorce card, I wonder?

MAINLY FOR WOMEN.

GOOD AND BAD OPINIONS OF THE
SEX FROM MANY SOURCES.

The New Year is a time to take stock of ourselves; to consider what we have been, what we would be, and what we are. Often the opinions of others, if they are only frank enough, help us to a right judgment of our state, to an appreciation of our shortcomings, and to good resolutions for the future.

Here is a collection of the opinions of a number of famous writers about women. Let our women readers read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them, not taking censure too much to heart, nor pluming themselves inordinately upon praise.

DAN. CHAUCER.

Lo here what gentleness these women have,
If we could know it for our rudeness!
How busy they be us to help and save,
Both in our health and also in sickness,
And always right to sorry for our distress!
In every manner thus show they ruth
That in them is all goodness and all truth!

BEN JONSON.

A woman, the more curious she is about her face, is commonly the more careless about her home.

BALZAC.

Woman is a charming creature who changes her heart as easily as she does her gloves.

SOCRATES.

Trust not a woman when she weeps, for it is her nature to weep when she wants her will.

PLAUTUS.

A woman finds it a much easier task to do an evil than a virtuous deed.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Nature is in earnest when she makes a woman.

EMERSON.

What is civilization? I answer, the power of a good woman.

GUYARD.

Woman is the most precious jewel taken from nature's casket for the ornamentation and happiness of man.

MADAME DU DEFFAND.

Women are too imaginative and sensitive to have much logic.

MACAULAY.

The most beautiful object in the world, it will be allowed, is a beautiful woman.

SOUTHEY.

There are three things a wise man will not trust—the wind, the sunshine of an April day, and a woman's plighted faith.

FRANKLIN.

He that takes a wife takes care.

VARENNES.

Woman is the organ of the devil.

HOUSSAYE.

The one who has read the book called women knows more than the one who has grown pale in libraries.

TUSCAN PROVERB.

On buying horses and taking a wife shut your eyes tight and commend yourself to God.

ALSATIAN PROVERB.

If you would make a pair of good shoes, take for the sole the tongue of a woman; it never wears out.

FROM THE KAISER'S LIPS.

Messrs. Longmans announce for publication this month a volume of the German Emperor's speeches, edicts, letters, and telegrams. It ought to make good reading if it includes such contents as the famous telegram to President Kruger, the recent speech on Waterloo, the edict about the language of official documents in German, and so on.

Other interesting books announced by Messrs. Longmans are the history of the twenty-five years between 1856 and 1881 by Sir Spencer Walpole; "A Queen of Tears" (Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark and Princess of England, sister of George III.), by Mr. W. H. Wilkins; "Duchess Sarah" (the famous Duchess of Marlborough), by one of her descendants, Mr. Arthur Colville; and Otto Sverdrup's record of the voyage of the Fram.

OUR SUGGESTION COMPETITION.

In response to many inquiries arriving daily, we may say that we hope to publish the result of this competition and the names of the winners in the course of the next week or so.

The enormous number of cards received has made the work of the judges very arduous. As we announced some weeks ago, we received altogether more than two miles of postcards, of which the total weight was over a hundredweight and a half. To go through these carefully is no light task.

GIRLS OF TO-DAY

ASHREWD BUT SYMPATHETIC CRITIC
OF THE HIGH SCHOOL AND
THE MODERN CHILD.

FROM A WOMAN'S NOTE BOOK. By Mrs. E. T. Cook (George Allen).

Never so gentle, never so candid, never so natural a counsellor of the age as regards its girls has published her stray thoughts to such useful purpose as the late Mrs. E. T. Cook, in this little volume of posthumous essays.

Mrs. Cook came of the stock of girls with the excellent equipment of no faults and many sympathies. She confesses herself a product of the old regime, which looked upon the high school with suspicion. None the less she confesses herself also a "revolted daughter" even to the extent of having joined a theatrical company, though she did not linger upon the stage long enough to win the fame that lay in wait for her younger sister, the Dorothea Baird that was, the Mrs. H. B. Irving that is.

To this point one may presume Mrs. Cook has taken fact for the basis of her fancy. Beyond it we must observe her husband's prefatory warning that "the author has put her observations into a personal form, but it need not be inferred that every such characterisation is biographical."

The High School Girl in Italy.

However that may be, it is to be noted that Mrs. Cook looked upon the modern high school girl with wonder, with affection, but not entirely with satisfaction. The classical and scientific training seemed to her—and one cannot but think there is a great deal of truth in the contention—not to result in classical and scientific interests. Accordingly, one may well ask the question: Does the modern high school fit a girl's intellect for her task of sympathy as a wife and as a mother so very much more, after all, than the samplers of our grandmothers?

Mrs. Cook tells here, for instance, a little story of how she took a modern high school girl on a Continental tour. She shows how Ethel's high school German gave her no interest whatever in Germany, and how Ethel's high school Latin gave her no interest even in Rome. Ethel's mind could not get out of the high school groove. Ethel talked about school prizes in the Coliseum, and thought of them amid the Alpine after-glow.

Once, on the Lake of Como, at mid-day, she started up with an excited air from her book. I thought she was going to expatiate on the beauty of Bellagio shining in the sunlight; but it was only: "Now the sixth form will be going down to 'rep.'"

For all that, Mrs. Cook was by no means angry with Ethel, for she saw with much wisdom that all this was not Ethel's fault.

This new system of education (she says) makes most girls prigs. It could not make Ethel a prig, but it spoiled her. It had given her a mental surplus or it had indigestion. Her mind was like a slave on which so much had been written as to leave no room for new impressions.

The "Enfant Terrible."

Mrs. Cook has, also, very naturally, something of very much the same kind to say regarding the over-informed modern child of either sex. She very rightly considers that the modern small girl who, from experience, suggests bromide as an excellent specific for her aunt's neuralgia compares not altogether favourably with the child of some years back who would probably have sought vainly to soothe it by the production of a toy-elephant or the recountal of a visit to Madame Tussaud's. The cult of the child, thought Mrs. Cook, is overdue, not only in the home, but even in the newspaper.

The new child, she writes, has to be heard as well as seen. Heard in essays, recitations, society speeches; seen in endless photographs, appearing in shop windows, smirking at us out of the pages of periodicals.

When the new children grow to be old children, what disillusion there will be! All the currents in their cake will have long ago been picked out, and only the sodden dough—of an unkind world—left.

How much better if—instead of writing to editors, figuring in "prize competitions," and doing generally very indifferently, the work of older and sadder people—they had romped, fished, and generally made the most of the

Sweet childish days, that were as long as twenty days are now.

The Old-Maid Daughter.

But the new child is not the only one whom Mrs. Cook noticed as being born to a lot that may be hard to bear. We do not remember to have seen since "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" a sympathy more tenderly expressed towards that very large section of woman-kind who are peculiarly in need of it—namely, the old-maid daughters.

A daughter of forty-five, wrote Mrs. Cook, who has not married, feels it to be her plain duty to stay with her mother at whatever cost. How can she leave a mother of seventy or more to be tended by strangers? It is an old-fashioned idea of duty, and it is therefore the best women who submit.

It is these old-maid daughters of elderly mothers who, in Mrs. Cook's opinions, "demand the world's fullest sympathy, but get none, for who remembers the troubles of the middle-aged?"

These elderly daughters are, she adds, precisely those who should revolt. But do they revolt? No, indeed; they patiently bear their burden, and leave revolution to the younger generation, who have rarely anything to revolt from.

While we cannot quite agree with Mrs. Cook in her call for a revolution that would turn "the salt of the earth" into mere additional sugar, her chapter upon what she calls "the Tyranny of the Mothers" errs only through the sincerity of her sympathy, which leads her to blame the mothers themselves a little cruelly for these lives of holy sacrifice.



THE SOCIAL PEEP-SHOW.

We are authorised by the Lord Chamberlain to state that their Majesties the King and Queen will hold a series of Courts at Buckingham Palace in the evening during the coming season. Ladies who have already been presented and are desirous of being summoned to these Courts are requested to send in their names (also their husbands if they have been presented) to the Lord Chamberlain's office to-day or as soon after as possible. Should they desire to make a presentation, the name of the lady to be presented should be sent in at the same time. A lady who makes a presentation to their Majesties must be personally acquainted with and responsible for the lady she presents; she must herself attend the Court, and cannot present more than one lady in addition to her daughter or daughter-in-law.

Their Majesties the King and Queen, surrounded by a large family circle, passed the last day of the old year at their Norfolk home. Wintry weather prevails at Sandringham, but it was less cold than in other parts of the eastern counties yesterday.

At the termination of their visit to Chatsworth next week the King and Queen will go direct to Windsor for some time, when the King will have several days' shooting in Windsor Great Park. His Majesty has seldom been in better health than he is now, the number of days he has spent in sport this season having made him very fit.

The King has purchased the three-year-old racer Hackbutt, which is to run in the Maiden Plate in the forthcoming Puchestown Races. The price paid is considerably over two thousand guineas, and the horse will be trained by Mr. Lushington at The Curragh. It is hoped that his Majesty will be present to see his horse run.

Lady Crewe was christened Margaret Etrenne in honour of her birthday on January 1st. The younger daughter of Lord



Photo by **LADY CREWE.** [Bullingham.

Rosebery, she, though two years younger than her sister, now Lady Sybil Grant (whose little son was born on December 29), came out with her, and they had the unusual honour of a private presentation to Queen Victoria. One morning a command arrived from Windsor for Lord Rosebery and his daughters to dine and sleep at the Castle, and they had no suitable dresses for such a great occasion. However, a visit to the famous Mrs. Mason, who died a few years ago, resulted in lovely white tulle frocks being made in a few hours.

Lady Crewe is extremely witty, and a brilliant conversationalist. Very few people know, however, that she possesses a wonderful voice, but she is rather shy of this talent, and but her own immediate family circle. Lord Crewe, when Lord Houghton, was Viceroy of Ireland, and, like Lord Curzon, of Kedleston, was very fond of the pomp and circumstance of his state. In those days his sisters, Mrs. Arthur Henniker and the late Lady Fitzgerald, acted as hostesses for him, and they invariably made him a curtsy before leaving the room. An amusing story is related of how, on one occasion, when coming over to England with a large party, including the late Duchess of Leinster, Lord Crewe marched on board before everyone else with a great deal of dignity, saluted him. No sooner was the boat fairly under way, and the party comfortably seated, out the Duchess said, "Now, Bobby, we are out of Ireland; go and fetch me a rug and make yourself useful."

Visitors to Berlin can have the proud privilege just now of skating on the same pond as the German Emperor and his children. This

pond, or rather lake, is near the royal palace at Potsdam, and every day during the first some of the Princes and Princesses are to be found there, falling about just like ordinary mortals, and finding that there is no royal road to "getting your edge" or cutting threes and eights. Now and again the Kaiser joins them, but he does not fall, for he is a good skater in an ordinary way (as nearly all Germans are), and does not attempt any hazardous feats. All the same he enjoys himself immensely, and goes away with cheeks glowing and a merry light in his eye. The Empress does not skate herself; she contents herself with looking fondly on at the agility of her husband and children.

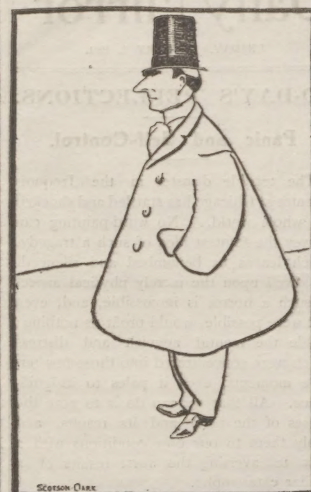
Princess Christian has given her patronage to a café chantant to take place on Thursday, February 4, at the White Hart Hotel, Windsor, in aid of Princess Christian's crèche, a charity her Royal Highness takes the deepest interest in. An excellent entertainment, with many special attractions, is being arranged, and a number of well-known London artists have already kindly consented to appear.

It does not often happen that the clergyman fails to arrive to perform a wedding ceremony, but this occurred yesterday at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington, on the occasion of the marriage of Miss Mariana Siemens, eldest daughter of Mr. Alexander Siemens, the noted electrical engineer, to Mr. Bertram Hopkinson. The choir met the bride at the west door of the church, and she, with her father, waited a quarter of an hour, while someone went off in haste to find a priest. Fortunately, Canon Pennefather was at hand, and the wedding proceeded.

The bride wore a lovely gown of crêpe de Chine and silver, with a train of chiffon velours, while her tulle veil covered a wreath of orange blossoms and myrtle, and she carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. Her bridesmaids were dressed in soft, clinging Liberty satin gowns with chiffon fichus, and black pattern hats. The scientific world was well represented at the ceremony, the invited guests including Sir John Thornycroft, Sir Benjamin Baker, Sir Richard and Lady Strachey, and Professor and Mrs. Ayrton.

Sir Bache and Lady Cunard have been entertaining house parties at Nevill Holt, Market Harborough. She was Miss Maud Burke, of Chicago, and is chic, charming, and golden-haired. Her rubies are celebrated, and consist of a tiara, necklace, brooches, and earrings. Sir Bache and Lady Cunard spend their winters in the country, and hunt with the Pytchley Hounds. Lady Cunard was one of the first smart women to introduce the cake walk to London.

The wedding of Miss Geraldine Magniac and Major Raymond Webber, which took place yesterday at St. Barnabas's Church, Pimlico, was not without its humorous incident. The bride was a few minutes late, much to the consternation of "the woman in the street," assembled outside in great numbers, and who evidently pictured the bridegroom in a fever of impatience within. But when the bride arrived she received their hearty approbation. And well she might, a radiant vision in her girlish grace and charm. Her dress of Roman satin and chiffon, draped with Brussels lace, and caught up with sprays of real orange blossom, was ideally pretty. Her long tulle veil fell over a wreath of real myrtle. In her hand, instead of the conventional bouquet, she carried a prayer-book of white vellum and silver, one of her bridegroom's gifts. She was led to the altar by her half-brother, Colonel Vesey Dawson, of the Irish Guards, who also gave her away.



An American View of Mr. Arthur Pinero. A caricature by Stephen Clarke in the "New York Dramatic Mirror."

Like Lord Normanby's bride, she elected to have only child-bridesmaids. These, three in number, were quaintly dressed in Empire frocks of white Roman satin, with Marie Antoinette chiffon fichus, lace caps, and long black mittens. They wore turquoise-blue sashes, and turquoise lockets with fine gold chains—the bridegroom's gifts. Major Webber tall, slim, soldierly-looking, was attended by Major Sir Horace McMahon, D.S.O., as best man. The service, fully choral, was conducted by the Rev. Hanbury-Tracy, a relation of the bridegroom. His fine voice was heard to advantage in the impressive words which he addressed to the young couple. After the ceremony a reception was held at 52, Green-street, Park-lane, by the bride's uncle and aunt, Lord and Lady Castletown.

"MAGASINITIS."

A FRENCH DOCTOR'S ANALYSIS OF THE DISEASE OF SHOPLIFTING.

Our old friend kleptomania has cropped up again in France under a different name. The Parisians call it *magasinitis*, and this new-fangled appellation for the "fashionable" complaint is due to Dr. Dubuisson, the famous brain-physician, the Forbes-Winslow of France. The specialist is certainly to be congratulated—not so much for having enriched the already voluminous vocabulary of medical science, but more especially for having coined a word that is comprehensible, and not "caviare, to the general."

The doctor's investigations have resulted in the establishment of two facts:—(a) That women as delinquents are in an enormous majority, and (b) that the offence itself is consequent upon a curious condition of the mind. It is stated that more than eighty per cent. of kleptomaniacs are of the female sex. In nine cases out of ten the offenders have been proved to be quite well-to-do and not infrequently wealthy. It would have been easy for them to have purchased and paid for the things stolen. Which presents another problem: Why should those who are rich stoop to robbery? The goods purloined are generally found uninjured, undisposed of, and often actually unused.

Let us, however, look into the cause of the disease as described by Dr. Dubuisson. In the first place, the physician is to be felicitated upon a clever epigram. "Lady kleptomaniacs are women without hearts who dupe men without heads," a "smart" saying which contains more light philosophy than literal truth.

Tempted Over-much.

A man can scarcely be called a fool because the pockets of his clothes do not happen to be so constructed as to prevent the entrance of a felonious hand! But the doctor can afford to have his epigram cheapened, for he founds his deduction upon a thorough understanding of the character of the "eternal feminine." The cause of kleptomania arises less from the individual's morbidity of temperament than from the alluring array of every description of dainty and fashionable attire abundantly displayed on the many counters of all mammoth shops.

The grand magasin is a chef d'œuvre of deliberate temptation tending to the seduction of the least susceptible. The finery everywhere around her arouses all her coquetish ambition and stimulates all her craving for comfort. Not only may she gaze on this gorgeousness, but she is permitted to handle the pretty things, unhindered, unobserved. What more easy than to pop into one's parasol or pocket some small object of value? From the innumerable articles of a similar kind in stock "it never would be missed"—as the average kleptomaniac would argue.

The only remedy lies, of course, in arranging shop-fronts and show-rooms with a severity that would satisfy the disciples of William Penn, and in forbidding people to finger the wares. But the cure would be worse than the complaint. It would bring rapidly dwindling profits, a diminution of patronage, and bankruptcy to hundreds of business houses.



"WHAT IT MAY COME TO."

Owing to the increase of kleptomania it is suggested that counters should be protected by a "grille"; this sketch is Mr. Harrison's dream of what a shop in the future will look like during the sales.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. COUSIN KATE.
TO-NIGHT at 9.
Preceded at 8.30 by **SHADES OF NIGHT.**
MATINEE WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S. MR. TREE.
TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.
THE DARLING OF THE GODS.
By David Belasco and John Luther Long.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, at 2.15.
Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily, 10 to 10.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. MR. LEWIS WALLER.
TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.
MONSIEUR BEAUCUEN.

450TH PERFORMANCE MONDAY NEXT, Jan. 4, 1904.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.30.
Box office 10 to 10. IMPERIAL, Westminster.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. ST. JAMES'S.
Mr. ALEXANDER will make his RE-APPEARANCE on MONDAY EVENING, Jan. 25, when the run of OLD HEIDELBERG will be resumed.

PERSONAL.

SILVER AND JEWELS bought for cash.—Catchpole and Williams, 510, Oxford-street, London, W., are prepared to purchase second-hand plate and jewels to any amount. Articles sent from the country receive immediate attention. Undeniable.

SEBEG'S HAIR DYE.—"Twin sister to nature." Undetectable.

HINDE'S HAIR BIND. 6d. Essential new style coiffure. TROUBLE, time, and temper savers, "Hinde's" delightful little wavers.

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST. smooth-haired fox terrier puppy bitch, seven months old, about 11 a.m. December 22nd, near South Kensington Station, only marked on head, wearing a green leather collar.—Any one bringing same to 1, Onslow-terrace, S.W., will be rewarded.

61 REWARD.—Lost, December 26th, in Crystal Palace, lead chain, with several keys attached.—"Eynhorpe," Mapesbury-road, Bromley.

LOST. in cab on the 25th ult., between Tring-road and Albert Gate-mansions, diamond brooch, with a chain, also plain gold safety pin, both fastened to spray of flowers.—Any one bringing same to 219, Albert Gate-mansions, will be rewarded.

HINDE'S WAVERS.
HINDE'S WAVERS.
HINDE'S WAVERS.
HINDE'S WAVERS.

The attractive "Kink."

It is everything nowadays to possess an attractive "Kink" in the hair.—Ladies' Field.

HINDE'S WAVERS.
HINDE'S WAVERS.
HINDE'S WAVERS.
HINDE'S WAVERS.

The "Kink" patterns are No. 14 and No. 10, price one shilling the box.

HINDE'S WAVERS.
HINDE'S WAVERS.
HINDE'S WAVERS.
HINDE'S WAVERS.

BIRTHS.

GORE.—On Christmas Day, at 18, Norfolk-street, Park-lane, the Lady Constance Gore, of a son.

HEYRIDGE.—On Wednesday, Dec. 30, at the Garple, Sidcup, Mrs. G. HeyrIDGE, of a son.

KING.—On Dec. 23, at the Rectory, Leigh-on-Sea, the wife of the Rev. R. King, of a son.

LEIGH.—On Dec. 25, the wife of F. R. Leigh, of Rose-garland, Co. Wexford, of a daughter.

MEYNELL.—On Dec. 29, at 21, St. James's Place, Burton-on-Trent, the wife of the Rev. Francis Wm. Meynell, R.D., of a son.

PERCIVAL.—On Dec. 30, at 46, Camden House Court, Kensington, the wife of the Rev. L. J. Percival, of a daughter.

PONTREX.—On Dec. 22, at 2, Royal-crescent, Bath, the wife of Lieut. Percy Pontreux, of a son.

TUDOR.—On Dec. 24, at Wexford, Hamilton, Canada, the wife of Major E. A. Tudor, Royal Engineers, of a daughter.

WARE.—On Dec. 28, at the Old Residence, Minter-yard, York, the wife of John Tatham Ware, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

ETHERIDGE-BEST.—On Tuesday, Dec. 29, at Holy Trinity Church, Bolton, by the Rev. Sanders Etheridge, M.A., father of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. T. Taylor-Evans, R.A., Vicar of the parish, and the Rev. Oliver Burton, M.A., the Rev. Leonard Summer Etheridge, Winchester, to Miss, youngest daughter of the late William Best, of Bolton, and of Mrs. Best.

HENLEY-CHAPMAN.—On Dec. 15, in Church of the Advent, San Francisco, by the Rev. Herbert Parrist, Frank G. Henley-Chapman, of Hyeres, South of France, to Violet Georgina, daughter of William MacNish Porter, of Northampton.

POTT-HAYNE.—On Dec. 30, at St. Mary Abbott's Church, Kensington, by the Rev. Canon Pennefather, Vicar, assisted by the Rev. T. Taylor-Evans, R.A., Vicar of the parish, to Miss, youngest daughter of the late William Pott, of 81, Cornwall-gardens, to Miss Florence, daughter of the late Charles Hayne, and Mrs. Hayne, of 17, Cornwall-gardens.

DEATHS.

BASTONE.—On Dec. 30, at 3, Tooting Bee-gardens, Streatham, S.W., Ebenezer Bastone, of above address, aged 4, a Cullin.

CLARK.—On Dec. 29, suddenly, Alexander Clark, M.A., of the Union of London and Smith-Bar, Limited, Prince-street, on 29th Dec. 29, at 52, Chester-square, S.W., of an infarction.

ELTOP.—On Dec. 29, at Caradoc Lodge, Church-street, the Rev. William Elliot, Prebendary of Hereford Cathedral, and formerly Rural Dean of Hereford, aged 72.

MAISH.—On Dec. 27, at 46, Beaumont-street, Annie Maria, wife of the late John Robert Maish, of the same address. China papers, please.

MASSINGBERD.—On Dec. 27, at her residence, Great Milton, Oxford, Julia wife of the late Admiral V. A. Massingberd, aged 77.

PRESTON.—On Dec. 29, at 52, Inverness-terrace, Hyde Park, W., William Preston, 1st son of the late Sir Jacob Baringhorne, second son of the late Sir Jacob Preston, Bart., of Boston Hall, Norfolk, aged 48.

REILLY.—On Dec. 29, at 52, Chester-square, S.W., the Hon. Mrs. Jolly, in her 83rd year.

SAIKILD.—On Dec. 29, at 52, Blenheim, Francis Elizabeth third daughter of the late Rev. Robert Salkeld, Rector of Fontmell Magna, aged 79.

THIN.—On Dec. 27, at Nice, George Thin, M.D., late of 63, Harley-street.

VAUGHAN.—On Dec. 29, at Beech Lawn, Puddleton, Manchester, Charles Vaughan, aged 79 years.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—
2, CARMELITE-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.
The West End Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—
45 and 46, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.
TELEPHONE: 1886 Gerrard.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflexed," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Taitbout.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The *Daily Mirror* is sent direct by post to any part of the United Kingdom at the rate of 1d. a day (which includes postage), payable in advance; or it is sent for one month on receipt of 3s. 9d.; for three months, 9s. 9d.; for six months, 19s. 6d.; or for a year, 38s. To subscribers abroad the terms are: For three months, 16s. 3d.; for six months, 32s. 6d.; for twelve months, 65s.; payable in advance.
Remittances should be crossed "Barclay and Co.," and made payable to the Manager, *Daily Mirror*.

The Daily Mirror.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 1, 1904.

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

Panic and Self-Control.

The terrible disaster in the Iroquois Theatre at Chicago has startled and shocked the whole world. No word-painting can convey the faintest idea of such a tragedy, which leaves us benumbed and silenced. To dwell upon the merely physical aspect of such a horror is impossible, and, even if it were possible, would profit us nothing; beside the mental anguish and distress which were concentrated into those few terrible moments, even it pales to insignificance. All that we can do is to note the causes of the panic and its results, and apply them to our own conditions with a view to averting the worst results of a similar catastrophe.

To begin with, it must be remembered that by far the greater number of people who lost their lives on Wednesday were not burned or suffocated, but trampled to death. That is to say, that, although fire was the origin and occasion of the disaster, the victims did not suffer from it, the primary cause, but from a secondary cause. When the theatre caught fire there seems to have been one wild, insensate impulse to rush to the exits. Such a movement is not the result of thought or deliberation, but of panic—one of the most dangerous of all impulses; and it is a tragic thought that the fire itself probably need not have caused the loss of a single life had the people but resisted their first impulse of panic fear.

But some people were saved. Who were they? Were they the people who rushed most impulsively to escape? It appears not. The first fugitives, rushing together to the narrow exits and passages, became jammed there, were trampled down by those from behind, and were left to form the base of that terrible mass of death with which the exits were blocked up. The people who escaped seem for the most part to have been those who, either from weakness or acquiescence, did not hurry from their places.

It seems to us that the most valuable lesson of the disaster lies in this circumstance. The fact that the theatre was a new one, equipped with every modern preventive and protective means, makes it idle to say much about the importance of providing safety exits. Everything that a responsible outside authority could think of in connection with the building of a theatre was presumably done—with the result that more than six hundred people perished on an outbreak of fire. So that, if we are to rely merely on the regulations of local authorities, our lives are not safe in any theatre, but may be at the mercy of any lunatic who chooses to raise an alarm of fire. We are therefore left face to face with by far the most formidable element in these cases—the unthinking, panic terror which possesses men and women as though they were sheep, and causes them to spurn and trample upon each other like wild beasts.

A want of self-control is the root of this, as of so many less momentous troubles. Doubtless, the way in which we live, the constant fever of high pressure, the eternal hurry and worry and strife for excitement, helps to develop in us this dangerous negative quality. It may be of little use to

suggest such a thing; but if people in theatres would sometimes imagine to themselves what they would do in case of fire, and practise thinking before taking action, they would soon realise that the very last thing to do would be to rush for the nearest door. Death almost certainly awaits them there; whereas, if they remain, they may escape. And even if there is no escape, there is such a thing as meeting death with dignity—a hard thing, but not unattainable, as many a shipload of British sailors has proved—and without the added horror of causing the death of fellow men and women.

A YELLOW SOUTH AFRICA?

The Legislative Council at Pretoria has decided in favour of imported Yellow labour by twenty-two votes to four. One might think that the Transvaal Legislative Council knew its own business best, and that the fact that both Boers and labour representatives spoke in favour of Sir George Farrar's motion was a final assurance in its favour. But we fear the question is hardly so simple as that. There are wheels within wheels in South African politics, and the chief object of the best of parties is not always the single and ultimate benefit of the country at large. Whatever may be the immediate result of this decision it can only be ascribed to the taking of very short views. There is a labour difficulty in South Africa at present; and instead of setting about to solve it once for all by social and administrative methods, a short cut out of it has been attempted by deciding to import Chinese labour.

We still think that it is a deplorable decision. The Yellow Man is not a desirable element to be introduced into a country that has by no means yet adjusted its own various populations. His ability to live cheaply, which commends him so highly to the mine-owners, is one of his worst characteristics from the colonist's point of view. Moreover (and this is a point which seems to be persistently ignored) it has been proved elsewhere that the Chinese are no use whatever for working in deep levels. They like to work in or near the open air; and we do not blame them for that. If South Africa were an unhealthy country where white men could not work there might be some excuse for importing Asiatic labour; but as the country is notoriously healthy it can only be assumed that the mine owners refuse to pay the wages necessary for securing white labour. If they would be content with a little less direct profit they would find that the attraction of a large amount of white labour would, indirectly, more than make up this extra outlay. As it is, they will find themselves and South Africa in the long run the poorer for the importation of the yellow man, who invariably takes out of a country much more than he brings to it.

"SCANDALOUS."

"The Chairman of the Brentford Bench said it was scandalous that so much money should be collected for such a purpose." What was the purpose? To send missionaries to New Guinea? To present some local magnate with a costly testimonial? To pay the damages incurred by some reckless slander of scientific men? No, the purpose for which Mr. Montague Sharpe called it scandalous to collect £130 was the assistance of a poor woman who was shown to be supporting her family (if a family on the verge of starvation can be said to be "supported") by finishing trousers at six farthings a pair.

In this bitter weather it seems to us that it would be "scandalous" if those who have fuel and food and furs in plenty did not spare a little to help a case like this. Perhaps Mr. Sharpe would say that such sums should be sent to the Mansion House Unemployed Committee, on behalf of which we print this morning an appeal from the Lord Mayor. Certainly, this committee deserves all the support that can be given to it. We hope the enterprising experiment which they have started will be given full scope. In it may lie a nearer approach to the solution of the unemployed problem than has yet been found. But what we would say is, "This ye should do and yet not leave the other undone."

Charity should not only be calculating, but kind, and when kindness of heart prompts people to send material token of their sympathy to a family which is shown in open court to be in distress, it seems to us that "scandal" attaches not to them, but to anyone who takes upon himself to censure them.

THE MIDNIGHT MASS.

A NEW YEAR'S EVE IMPRESSION BY AN IMPRESSIONABLE WORSHIPPER.

A London thoroughfare an hour before midnight. Above a starless darkness, below the swaying of cab lamps, the thud of horses' feet, and the voices of those that make merry. Then one step through a doorway, and you are in the ages of faith.

An ordinary English church with upper walls distempered, with arches merged in the lower walls, and on the dull surface the stations of the Cross, the figures defined on a ground of gold mosaic. On the right, at the head of the side aisle, a *criche* lighted with electric lamps. A Mother worshipping her Child.

A massive and ornate crucifix hangs in the centre of the transept. Servitors in ecclesiastic dress move about quietly, a youth in scarlet passes along the Sanctuary, cackled priests are in the congregation. Dim flames of ruby flash richly between the choir, white flowers rest on the altar. It is well to wait here a little, to let the soul be subdued by these influences.

Far in the Past.

The procession leaves the choir with slow and solemn movement. The brazen cross shines on high, the banners sway, the boys pass singing, the "incense sweet from chain-swung censers teeming" rises in little clouds, spreads its perfume, and through the human voices come the notes of the trumpet.

Down the southern aisle the procession goes marching undrilled in natural measure, turns and comes along the nave, and as it gets near the voices grow more confident, the trumpet notes more triumphant, the clouds of incense more frequent, sweeter.

The procession melts away, the choir return to their places, and sing the introit. Then begins the august ritual of the celebration—a ritual visibly impressive, inwardly mysterious; a ritual that bears the impress of races and ages, that owes something to Byzantium, to Syria, and to Egypt, that in its essence reaches back to the first records of human aspiration.

Not vainly is it so richly apparelled. For these externals are but the due homage to an inward thought, the expression of the highest spiritual emotion man has ever felt. Each action in this elaborate ceremonial has its meaning, each gesture its significance, and beneath these movements and attitudes is a vital belief.

The Features of Faith.

This is no matter of mere pomp and show. These people have not come out for a sight. They are part of the habitual congregation who would long since, if it were nothing but show, have found it out, have tired of it.

Look at the packed rows of women that stretch from transept far down the nave, women of leisure and women who work, and factory girls; old women with mask-like faces, and a strange peace on them; Anglican sisters and respectable women whose hair is pulled tightly back after their custom. They have a look of joyous resignation, of assured peace.

The men have this look, too, but less distinctly. They are of nearly all classes, workmen and clerks and professional men. Many young men among them, serious and earnest, certainly; not, I should say, fanatics, and by no means gloomy bigots. Assuredly much less expressive, whatever their station, than their women.

In every country la religieuse of the best type has a rare and singular accent of emotion, of purified and spiritualised emotion, which comes out in her look and in her movements. And our "religious" have it, too; and there, I think, the English women are as expressive as the foreigners.

HOW PEASANTS EXORCISED A GHOST.

Another case of strange superstition in Hungary is reported by our Vienna correspondent. At the village of Terpest, Bihar, a Roumanian landowner named Vigyikan was recently buried, and a few days afterwards the report spread—vouched for by many landowners—that his ghost was seen every night running around, and that he was practising magic on the cows.

To remedy the state of affairs some of the superstitious peasants went at night and opened the grave, burst open the coffin, and cut out the heart of the deceased, which they nailed to a cross in the cemetery.

ROTHSCHILD BEQUEST TO FRANCE.

Baron Arthur de Rothschild, who died at Monte Carlo on December 10, possessed one of the most celebrated collections of paintings in the world, which, it now appears from his will, he has bequeathed to the Louvre.

His collection contained some of the best pictures of Greuze and of the Dutch and Flemish masters. There are four pictures by Greuze, which are considered the highest expression of that painter's art.

The famous collection of ancient rings which the Baron possessed is bequeathed entirely to the Musée de Cluny.

A UNIQUE BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

A country barber has sent the German Empress, as a birthday present, a representation of the castle in which her Majesty was born, made entirely of hair.



The home fire engine at work.

Ladies' Fire Brigades

SOME EXAMPLES OF HOME PROTECTION THAT MIGHT BE FOLLOWED.

An authority on fire insurance said recently that he believed every life lost by fire saved two other lives.

By this he meant that it is only by warnings like the appalling fire at Chicago last Wednesday that people can be induced to take proper precautions.

Most country houses now possess domestic fire brigades, which are organised and manned, strange to say, by the lady members of the household. Several leaders of society are as well qualified to deal with a conflagration as Captain Hamilton, the Metropolitan Fire Brigade's new chief, and amongst these the Countess of Warwick is considered to be the most expert.

At Dunmow Castle, her ladyship has had a complete fire brigade established, and, after she received a course of instruction from Messrs. Merryweather, the Countess personally imparted the art of fire fighting to her servants, and rendered them proficient, both in the use of extinguishing appliances and life-saving drill.

The priceless treasures of Baron Leopold de Rothschild are safeguarded from fire by

the existence of a domestic fire brigade, and all the baron's servants, male and female, are taught how to act in the event of an outbreak.

Baroness Eckhardtstein, the daughter of the late Sir John Blundell Maple, is another well-known society firewoman, and in most boarding schools, colleges, factories, and business houses the inmates are trained to cope with a conflagration. The scholars at the Roan School for Girls, Greenwich, pride themselves on their efficiency at life-

saving drill, and they are taught to descend "chutes" and slide on to jumping sheets from their dormitory windows until they can be relied on to act in the event of an emergency.

Girton and Newnham Colleges both possess highly trained brigades, "manned" by the girl graduates, and our illustration shows a number of young girls at fire drill "manning" an engine ready for all possible emergencies.

Knowledge Often Lacking.

The necessity of knowing what to do in case of fire would seem to be such an obvious matter that it appears only the more incomprehensible that so often when a fire breaks out unexpectedly lives are needlessly lost through panic or ignorance.

Of late years much has been done in the way of perfecting appliances for suppressing fire, and providing means of escape from the upper storeys of houses.

In a good many private houses, for instance, fire buckets or chemical extinguishers are placed upon every floor, and often a small manual is kept, the servants being regularly instructed in the use of these appliances and taught how to use the escape chutes and ladders. It is by no means as easy as it looks to jump into a sheet from even



FIRE DRILL AT A GIRLS' SCHOOL.
Jumping from a window into a sheet.

the two fires that broke out in the Board Schools at East Ham and Glasgow, in both instances the children being all marched out from the burning buildings in perfect order, and without accident.

In the United States fire drill is almost universal in the schools, whilst at the Cambridge Manual Training School a systematic

Oxford-street were not a little astonished to see the shop assistants at a big establishment practising with the linen chute and life lines in the middle of the morning.

Practice Necessary.

The boys at the Duke of York's School can often be seen going through their drill, which they seem to thoroughly enjoy. Just after the terrible Queen Victoria-street fire there was quite a run upon escapes and extinguishing appliances of all kinds, and many offices and warehouses that had existed contentedly without such things for years hurriedly had them installed. A rope with loops is a very simple but efficient escape—provided that it is examined from time to time, to see if it is in good condition; but even to descend by a rope requires practice, and prevention being always better than cure, it is wiser to run no risks, especially where large bodies of people



A LADIES' FIRE BRIGADE.

Photographed on one of Messrs. Merryweather's engines.

a first floor window, and it requires some practise to prevent accidents, or at least an unpleasant concussion. The correct way to climb down a rope ladder, swinging loosely from a top storey window, also requires some little practise and the exercise of considerable self-control as a rule by women.

Only within the last six weeks the value of such systems of fire drill has been proved by

course of instruction in the use of the most recent appliances and in life saving is now compulsory. The scholars are taught the use of the life belt, ladders, handling of hose, firing life guns, practise with nets, and a variety of other duties.

Several of the large shops and factories have very up-to-date arrangements for dealing with fire, and some little people passing along

are concerned, and to see that everyone knows where to find the appliances and how to use them.

BACHELOR CALLS.

THE ALTERED STYLE IN PARIS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Thursday.

The old-fashioned habits and customs which welcome in each new year here in Paris are dying.

One custom is certainly much on the wane. I mean that one by which all bachelors have been compelled by society's dicta to pay a long round of calls on New Year's Day, and deposit their wishes, with a bag of sweetmeats or bouquet of flowers, at the houses of people who have entertained them.

Nobody has entertained largely at home here in Paris this year. The entertaining has all been done in small parties at restaurants and at theatres, and the calls to return politeness and present bags of bonbons are naturally becoming rarer in consequence, and more intimate in character.

Nothing lives through the years but that hardest of hardy annuals, les étreennes, or new year's gifts.

For the last fortnight the door of every Parisian has been besieged by a long string of beggars, postmen, dustmen, sewer-men, telegraph boys—all possible and impossible claimants for a new year's gift—who "wish you the new year good and happy," and hold out their hand for silver.

Perhaps next year the étreennes custom will follow the cards and new year's visits. But I do not think it will.

LEAP YEAR FANCIES.

A FAIR WARNING.

(It is rumoured, and the rumour grows daily, that the emancipated sex intends to take full advantage of the privileges of 1904.)

Attend, all you bachelors gay,
Who beckon a bride at your leisure,
And, enjoying the feminine fray,
Take up or discard at your pleasure.
This year *we* inherit that right—
You needn't fear any abuse of it—
Our power we appreciate quite,
And we're going to make use of it!

We play hockey, and cricket, and golf,
We hurdle, we hunt, and we beagle,
We vault on our bikes and are off
With the pace and the grace of an eagle;
We smoke, and we joke, and we earn,
We carve a career—or we play at it—
And when towards marriage we turn,
We'll have our own way at it.

So, if I feel a fancy for Jack,
Then Jack will I have, willy-nilly;
If not—he can sit at the back,
While I whisper devotion to Billy;
And, regarding the nuptial knot,
Here's a straightforward message to all
of you,

At least for one year we have got
The "put and the call" of you.
JESSIE POPE.



A. M. G. 1904

Leap Year Gallantry—Ladies to the rescue.

(From Raphael Tuck's "Leap Year Calendar")



Romeo and Juliet—A Leap Year version.

Fifty Prizes will be Given Away

IN THIS WEEK'S COMPETITION, CONDUCTED BY ERNEST BERGHOLT.

WHICH CLOSES ON MONDAY NEXT.

TWENTY POUNDS IN CASH

and Ten Handsome "Portland" Bridge Cases, in Morocco, with Solid Silver Mounts. Each Case is of the value of One Guinea, and contains Two Packs of Cards, Two Bridge-Markers complete, and Pocket Guide to Bridge.

BRIDGE DAY BY DAY.

OUR TOURNAMENT COUPONS.

The remarks on Coupon 11, which we quoted as given by a competitor, have led to a good many interesting comments from our readers. "U. B." says: "I am only a new player at Bridge, and know none of its conventions, but I always played a good game at Solo Whist, and have learnt rather quickly. I can tell the 'expert' who says that B has two cards of re-entry that after he has won with A, and established the hearts, his A is no longer a re-entry, as on 08, led by Y, Z will discard his single king of clubs. Will your solver kindly tell me what he has to say against this?" The argument is, of course, unanswerable. By this method of play YZ will win ten tricks and the game against any possible defence.

A PROFITABLE WAGER TO ACCEPT. Coupons 12 and 13 also appear to have aroused a very special interest. R. J. O. (Sutton Coldfield) considers "they are very fine positions, but in both cases AB can save the game. . . . I have had a lot of amusement with these two hands, as I have played them with the best Bridge players of my acquaintance, and have on each occasion scored ten tricks with the cards of Y and Z. Then, after showing them my method, I have offered to wager that I would take AB's cards and prevent their making ten tricks. I have not enriched myself, however, as no one would accept my offer." There being no need to keep our readers longer in suspense, we may announce at once that, in Coupon 11, YZ can win eleven tricks; and, in Coupon 12, ten tricks; in each instance against any possible defence.

COUPON No. 1.

Diagram of a bridge table with North, South, East, and West positions. Cards are dealt as follows:

- North: ♠ 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, A; ♥ 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, A; ♦ 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, A; ♣ 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, A
- South: ♠ 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, A; ♥ 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, A; ♦ 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, A; ♣ 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, A
- East: ♠ 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, A; ♥ 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, A; ♦ 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, A; ♣ 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, A
- West: ♠ 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, A; ♥ 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, A; ♦ 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, A; ♣ 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, A

Name..... Address.....

IN THIS COUPON

hearts are trumps, and South has the lead. Write down on the following form what you consider to be the correct play of the five tricks, taking full advantage of the known position of the cards. Underline the winning card of each trick.

Trick	SOUTH.	WEST.	NORTH.	EAST.
1.				
2.				
3.				
4.				
5.				

RESULT:—

NS. win tricks.
EW. win tricks.

COUPON No. 2.

What would you declare as Dummy, if it were left to you, holding the following hands at the specified scores? Assume the first game of the rubber, if nothing is said to the contrary.

1. At 28 to 24 in your favour.....

2. At 24 scored by you against 1 game and 8.....

3. At game all and love all.....

4. At 24 to 26 against you.....

5. At love all.....

6. At 24 all.....

INSTRUCTIONS AND RULES.

When you have filled in your replies to the above two coupons, and have written your full name and address in the spaces provided at foot of Coupon No. 1, cut out the coupons and enclose them with Postal Order for One Shilling (crossed Barclay and Co.) to the "Bridge Editor, Daily Mirror, 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C.," in an envelope legibly marked above the address: WEEKLY BRIDGE COMPETITION No. 3. On a separate sheet of paper, pinned to the coupons, and also signed with your full name, you may add any notes you may think desirable, but such notes are not obligatory. Most of the prize-winners announced last Monday merely filled in the blank spaces, without giving any comments. No other communication or inquiry may be enclosed under the same cover. Requests for

information, queries on points of Bridge play, suggestions, reports of hands dealt, etc., must invariably be sent in a separate envelope.

For the replies received the Bridge Editor will award marks, according to merit, and his decision as to degree of merit shall be final.

To give everyone as many chances as possible, we shall this week vary our method of award. The Ten Bridge Cases will be given to the ten competitors scoring the highest number of marks, and the forty competitors coming next in order of merit will each receive Half a Sovereign in Cash.

N.B.—All solutions must be posted so as to reach the office of the Daily Mirror not later than by the first post on the morning of Monday, January 4th.

Competitors must comply strictly with the above rules, or their solutions will be disqualified.

BEAUTY'S PENETRALIA.

HOW I WAS IMPRESSED.

By OHNELY A. MANN.

KEATS in one of his odes said: Beauty is truth, truth beauty, that is all Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know. Cryptic as these lines may seem to the casual reader, there is between them much suggestion. The force of this came to me the other day when glancing over the pages of a fascinating book entitled "Beauty Rules," written by a lady whose name is a household word—"thousands of British homes, both here and in his Majesty's dominions beyond the seas. Of course, I allude to Mrs. Pomeroy, who has probably done more to preserve the beauty of her sex than any other woman either in classic or modern times. Let me at once confess that I am a medicine man; as I read the book, I saw plainly the impress of truth upon every page, aye, and in every line. "To remain young and fair, to defy the years that leave their traces on face and figure, lies within the power of every woman. The chief requisites are absolute cleanliness of person and dress, healthful and nourishing food, plenty of exercise, and the life under the control of an unselfish and cheerful mind. Given these important conditions, even a plain-featured woman may become endowed with the greatest charm and attractiveness." These are Mrs. Pomeroy's own words, giving in brief her experience in helping women to make the best of themselves and their looks. Here was no shibboleth of the "beauty doctor," as a few superior persons use the term, but just the healthy and natural expression of truths that every physician daily pronounces. My interest being aroused, I desired to see and talk with the writer. It was obvious that her methods of treatment were based on the best and surest foundations, namely, those of Mother Nature herself. I therefore sought an interview, which was graciously granted—after all the fair patients had departed, of course.

With a winsomeness that is peculiarly her own, Mrs. Pomeroy received me in her well-known place at 29, Old Bond-street. Sympathetic as she is to a degree, the mystery of her attraction to the distinguished ladies who

form her clientele was at once explained. She is gifted with a rare charm of manner, and with far more than the common share of those brainy qualities that win success equally for men or women. Little wonder, I thought, that her consulting-room is crowded day by day; why, surely a chat with her would be in itself a right excellent treatment for all but the most obdurate of wrinkles. It was difficult to believe that I was in the presence of the most famous complexion specialist of our own or, indeed, any other times. Her own, fair, healthy skin is a living illustration of what her methods can accomplish. Not the slightest sign of "make-up," but just the sort of complexion that one expects to find in a healthy young woman who lives much in the open air, and this, mind you, in a lady who necessarily spends long days in the discharge of her professional duties, trying and exhausting as they doubtless are.

Plunging at once in *medias res*, I asked her to tell me of her methods. Simple and direct was the answer: "I do nothing but clean and clear the skins of my patients; this done, I massage the facial muscles to restore their tone, using mild applications of electricity to stimulate them, and a little of my Skin Food to feed the cuticle. I insist on the observance of the ordinary rules of health, calling in the aid of a medical man when the case requires it. Some skin troubles need the care of a physician, and I never go beyond my own province. In a word I deal with the hygiene of the skin and not with the constitutional disorders.

"I neither recommend nor sell expensive mechanical contrivances, professing to alter or restore the contour of the face, nor do I advocate the use of secret Oriental preparations for Western complexions. I neither attempt the impossible nor promise the unattainable, and I do not believe that anyone in the world can honestly promise with any certainty of success to entirely remove deep wrinkles of long standing. My treatment is based on natural, scientific, and common-sense theories, perfected by years of experience and practice.

"Of course," Mrs. Pomeroy went on to say, "different skins require different remedial treatment; and here I find ample scope for the exercise of my experience, gained after many years of study under the greatest skin specialists of the day, and after much practical

observation of my own. The work always interested me, and it has all along been a veritable labour of love. Women come to me tired and worn out with a thousand cares and worries, and depressed because of their fading looks. Few can realise the keen pleasure it affords me to lighten their load, and to bring back by easy and natural means the fresh, bright beauty that they feared had gone for ever.

"A class of case that gives me much concern," continued Mrs. Pomeroy, "is that where the soft down which adorns the faces of young women develops into what are truly superfluous hairs. This is a disfigurement that causes infinite mortification to a sensitive soul. But with the help of electrolysis I can permanently cure the worst of cases. Using a fine needle, I convey to the hair bulb a gentle electric current, and in less than a minute the offending growth is destroyed, root and branch. My assistants have acquired exceeding skill in this delicate work, and when the current is switched off the patient cannot feel the insertion of the needle, nor is any mark or scar left."

"Too often, however, that fine down which is so becoming in so many cases has been tampered with and removed by one or other of the pernicious preparations advertised for this purpose, only to convert soft, imperceptible hair into unsightly bristles, to the great grief and disappointment of the unfortunate user."

"O!" exclaimed Mrs. Pomeroy, "I do wish women would only be sensible and think a moment before they waste their money on any liquid or compound professing to take their hairs away for ever."

"How is the root of the hair to be reached and destroyed by such things unless they first burn off the skin or flesh covering that root? "Let every woman troubled with superfluous hair call and see me, or write to me first, and hear the truth on the subject. Why," said Mrs. Pomeroy to me, "you yourself, in common with every medical man, know positively that electrolysis is indeed the only process known to science by which superfluous hair can be safely and permanently removed, and it is quite impossible for anyone to perform this for themselves." And to this I gave my unqualified assent.

At 29, Old Bond-street several rooms are fitted up for this treatment by electrolysis, and I was much impressed with the efficiency of the apparatus employed and by the scrupulous care taken to ensure perfect antisepsis at every stage. Indeed, all Mrs. Pomeroy's treatments are distinguished by this care. The electrodes for face massage are covered with the purest lint, replaced for every case, and the various cloths used are instantly thrown away after employment. Everything is sweet, pure, and fresh, not excepting the unguents and lotions, which are made up daily in a spotless laboratory by a fully-qualified chemist. I closely inspected this bright, airy department, and satisfied myself that only the most costly and perfect materials were used in the various processes. The different formulae, the outcome of years of patient and scientific investigation, are followed with a nice exactitude. If the ingredients were poisons instead of antidotes for half the ills that skin is heir to, greater care could not be exercised in the dispensing. I speak now as one who knows and not as the scribbles.

Adrian Ross said a few weeks ago, "The matron of forty is now so ridiculously young in looks that it is quite cruel to relegate her to the vicarious enjoyment of social pleasures." The matter was now made plain—the sensible matron or maid gravitates to Mrs. Pomeroy for rejuvenation, and hence the result that sweet seventeen no longer reigns in triumphant beauty. Mr. Ross records this latter fact; Mrs. Pomeroy has made it.

Before taking my leave of that high priestess of Hygieia, I expressed to her the pleasure I had experienced in the perusal of her "Beauty Rules." In her accustomed modest manner, she said, "Well, the writing of that little book afforded me much gratification. I felt I had a message to deliver to my suffering sisters, and I unburdened and unbosomed myself for their help and guidance. Tell your readers that the book can be had at any of my establishments free and for the asking, or will be sent gratis and post free on application, and I shall be glad."

Most willingly do I comply with this request, merely adding that these temples of beauty are to be found not only at 29, Old Bond-street, London, but at 39, Grafton-street, Dublin, and 35, Bold-street, Liverpool, and 18, Strand-street, Cape Town. At each of these Mrs. Pomeroy's treatments are loyally carried out by ladies trained by her, with her accustomed thoroughness and care. Every one is an expert in her own department, while, in addition to absolute devotion to Mrs. Pomeroy and enthusiasm in their work, the whole band of "co-workers"—as Mrs. Pomeroy delights to call her assistants—are animated by the best feelings of esprit de corps and a satisfaction with their work.

As one of them quaintly observed to me, "You know, it is so nice to feel we do every patient who comes here so much good." Verbum sat sapienti!—[ADVT.]



The Strange Korean.

Who has a Contempt for Serious Things, but Makes Trifles Most Important.

About a quarter of a century ago an American missionary, writing of Korea, dubbed it "the Hermit Kingdom."

The name was not inapplicable, for Korea had kept herself absolutely secluded from the Western world. Lhasa was scarcely more inaccessible to Cook and his protégés than the "Land of the Morning Calm," as the Chinese poetically call Korea. But events in the Far East have moved with a bewildering rapidity during the last decade, and Korea is now neither a land of calm nor an anchorite among the nations.

The unhappy country has become the plaything of its powerful neighbours, and is likely in the future to be what Flanders was to Europe, an international fighting ground, the cockpit of Asia.

In Blissful Idleness.

The woes of Korea are chiefly due to the national character. Not that the Korean is an unamiable person. In a world like the Heaven pictured by Heine—"a place where roasted ducks, beautifully baked, fly about, asking to be eaten"—the Korean gentleman would be very near perfection. If the earth furnished rice-cakes spontaneously, if clothes grew ready-made on trees, his life here on earth would be a model one. True, he would want a coolie to pick up the manna, and a wife to snip off the trouser-tree's fruit, for even that effort would be painful to him. Still, he could in such circumstances make a very tolerable figure in the world.

But, alas for the Korean, the universe is not managed on those principles, and when persons of tiresome activity like the Russians, the Japanese, and even the grimly practical Chinese come on the scene trouble follows. The incurably lazy Korean complains of these wretched people, but he makes absolutely no effort to compete with them. He cares only for ease, even if it is ease without comfort, and his sole positive ambition is to leave a son behind him to worship his grave when he is gone to Nirvana.

A Human Mollusc.

Your Korean gentleman is a human mollusc. He has never done anything that the freest fancy would call work. Even his pipe must be lighted for him. If a scholar, the coolie must prepare his ink before he writes. If a servant be disobedient the true aristocrat will not even administer the necessary flogging himself; he delegates the task to a subordinate. He lets his finger nails grow long, as a proud testimony to his cultured idleness, and even when he plays a game of chess someone must make the moves for him.

In a Minister of State this laziness is carried to its highest expression. When your Minister walks in public he has to be supported—literally propped up—on either side by secretaries. The idea is that the weight of his duties would otherwise crush him to the earth. If a person of rank rides a horse, he has to be held in the saddle by retainers running well side.

In these circumstances it is not surprising to find that everything of importance in

Korea is done by foreigners. The indomitable Japanese run the railways, posts, telegraphs, mints, and banks, leaving the Korean Government to the duties it thinks most important—the expenditure of large sums on the royal shrines and other manifestations of the great duty of ancestor-worship.

An example of Korean officials undertaking a public work on their own account occurs to



THE KING OF KOREA AND HIS FAVOURITES.

When his Majesty rides abroad he is often accompanied by these st range-looking figures, veiled from head to foot.

me. A few years ago, in a fit of energy, it was decided to take a census. But the only result was to show the complete rottenness of officialdom. The enumerators went about with their census papers terrifying the simple people with a story that a new and grinding tax was in contemplation.

"If your names are put down," they said, "you will have to pay the Government half your income. Surely it would be cheaper to pay us a dollar or two to leave the names out?" So the dollars were paid, the names did not appear, and the Korean Government found that instead of ten million subjects or so it only possessed a few hundred thousands.

It is natural that, in a country where matters of life and death are so neglected, trivialities should be considered all important. Macaulay's epigram on Horace Walpole might be aptly applied to the Korean: "Serious business was a trifle to him, and trifles were his serious business." Nowhere in the world is ceremony more stringent.

Take, for instance, the matter of hats. A substantial monograph might be written on Korean hats. There are different kinds of head-gear for every rank, every calling, and almost every stage of life. The ordinary hat is in shape like that even now seen in remote parts of Wales.

Soldiers have horse-hair hats tied with multi-coloured ribbons; a governor has a sort of mitre of gilt pasteboard; every grade of official wears a different variety of head-piece; the royal

servants have a bamboo-built structure, ornamented with a great bunch of artificial flowers; monks are thatched with rush-matting; graduates are distinguished with rosette-tipped wires like the antennae of a butterfly; the waiting-maid has a wig bigger than a Lord Chancellor's.

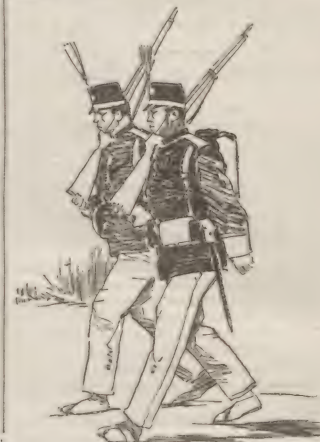
A youth when engaged wears a peculiar structure of straw, which he throws away when the happy day of marriage arrives.

He cannot marry or amuse himself until the prescribed term has passed; and some unhappy youths, afflicted with delicate relatives who die at inconvenient moments, have had to wait years, till their lady loves have long survived the freshness of youth.

This sad experience, however, is less mortifying to a well-trained Korean than it would be to us. He professes a profound contempt for woman, and passively takes for wife the girl his father provides for him, whether she be tall or dumpy, short or lean, strong or ailing. It is a matter of indifference to a Confucian philosopher. The Korean, in short, treats his wife as a person altogether beneath his stately consideration, and his usual way of referring to her is "My what-do-you-call-her?" But it

a happy reconciliation follows. In November the land flows with milk and honey, and a wonderful new discovery forces Radium to take a back seat; whereupon the *Daily Mirror* celebrates its first birthday, and starts a new series of "tube" puzzles. December is taken up with public rejoicings in honour of the great discovery.

Other events include the recognition of a great master of painting and an equally great musical composer; and the public are warned



The modern soldier of Korea

to eschew the use of diamonds and rubies in the proportion of two to one. Further, no one who wishes to be happy though married should seek a registry office save in the hymeneal months of July and December.

And, lastly and finally, we are told that the Mission to Tibet will be fraught with vast and undreamed of results, and, by-and-by, the most ancient "Logos" ever given to the world will be unearthed among the treasures of Lhasa or thereabouts. This Gospel will "bring in again a new era of fuller, wider understanding of Divine Truth"; and will, therefore, no doubt, settle the education question. Florent M. Heald and 1904.

KISSING DOGS AND CATS.

The doctors will leave us nothing. Not only is there death in the pot, but in the pet as well. The pet domestic has just been the subject of a solemn warning delivered before the French Academy of Medicine by M. Metschnikoff, of the Pasteur Hospital. Whereupon a *Daily Mirror* representative immediately sought out a leading authority on bacteria, who spoke as under:—

"It is simply courting death to kiss and fondle cats and dogs, as so many people do. Mothers take the greatest care that their children should have hygienic surroundings; they are particular as to the health of the cows supplying the nursery milk, the milk is sterilised, every precaution is taken. Then they let the children kiss 'pussy'; and pussy is probably suffering from tuberculosis. The babies might just as well have a consumptive nurse.

"Typhoid, diphtheria, fevers, all the illnesses that annually clear off so many children, I do not hesitate to say in most cases are communicated through the household dogs and cats.

"Dogs and cats poke their noses everywhere. We can't bring them to believe in sanitation as we do. There are people, of course, who almost worship their animals. I think they are going back to the days of the ancients, who used to worship trees. It is a sporting chance which dies first—the dog who sleeps on his owner's bed or the owner."

THE RAINBOW OF 1904.

Japan's Victory Foretold by the Colour Prophet.

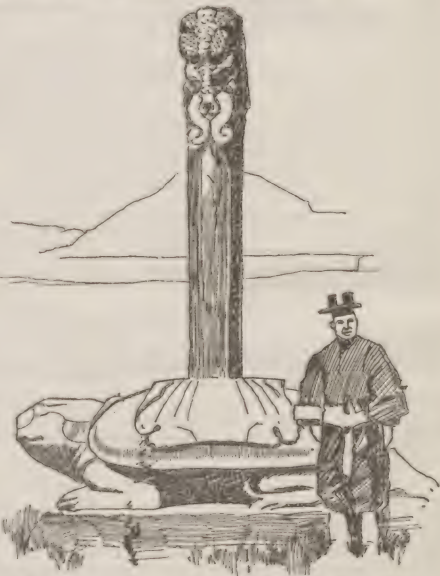
Mr. Heald, the colour prophet, has at last concluded his researches into the coming year and a small audience of specially invited guests heard him unfold "The Forecast of 1904."

"Yes," he began, "Japan and Russia will certainly come to blows, but Japan will emerge victorious."

Then, taking the year month by month, Mr. Heald continued:

In January new territory will be added to the British Empire. During February a great financial smash will shake the world.

March has to content itself with WAR. April—more war—the worst month of the year. May—frightful commercial depression; lunatic population increased. June, however, will show a brightening in every direction, and a marriage which will unite two great Empires. In July the company promoter will be dangerous; in August he will be found out; in September investors can take heart again, though in October "England declares war." The other Power, however, climbs down, and a



A Korean monument symbolising the belief that the world is supported on the back of a tortoise.



A KOREAN BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

The happy couple are usually both under eleven years of age, and the bride has to undergo the ordeal of having her eyelids stuck together with a gummy liquid so that she may not see her husband.

Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

BY CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "BY RIGHT OF MARRIAGE.")

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Continued.

SHE found Philip in his father's sitting-room, and, while she busied herself with the flowers, they all three chatted gaily and naturally enough.

But when his son had gone the old man looked at her, with anxious eyes and puzzled brows.

"What is the matter with Philip, Marta?" "The matter?" She bent over the carnations. "What do you mean, pater? Don't you think he is looking well?"

"In body, yes, but—" A certain delicacy made it difficult to speak; and yet the thought was too monstrous that any cloud could have darkened the horizon of his two beloved children.

"Marta," he added, desperately. "Why did he go off for a walk, and go over to Monte Carlo afterwards—his first day?"

"Oh, don't you think, pater," said Marta, with a wonderful assumption of cheerfulness, "that it must be difficult to get into civilised ways after campaigning for six months? I expect Philip feels perfectly stifled between four walls."

"Yes, I suppose that's it," sighed the old man. "This morning he seems delighted to be back with us."

"Of course," said Marta, valiantly. "No place will ever be to Philip like his home; only you must give him time to settle down."

Oh, God! that home that they had carried with them wherever they two went, was it to be broken up for ever?

After luncheon they all sat in the garden for a little while, drinking coffee. Everything went off perfectly smoothly; both Marta and Philip were gay, even brilliant. Lady Dexter was amiability itself, and Jacqueline forbore to make her customary remarks about Colonel Joscelyn's excellent Egyptian cigarettes.

Only Claudia, watching her friend with love-sharpened eyes, saw that something very grave was the matter. Instinctively, her thoughts went back to that day in Torhampton when Marta had urged her not to marry poor Verulam, and she had answered that Marta herself had been the greatest factor in her acceptance, for she had seen that, despite having married solely for an ideal love, her friend was desperately unhappy. And then she had put her solemn question: "Tell me, do women suffer more from love or from the lack of it?" And Marta had hidden her face in her hands, and groaned, and answered: "My God, I do not know!"

But now Lady Claudia felt very differently. Now she knew the truth, or thought she did, and she had looked into the very heart of life; and she felt that it was her place to bid her friend care for nothing, but snatch at her happiness while it was hers, and see that she did not spill the precious draught of love, that the cup of life held for her carelessly, about her feet.

Presently they all moved off, Lady Dexter to take her siesta, and Sir John to go and sit with Lord Clowes, and Jacqueline to alter a new frock, and Claudia to write a letter to Christian Morning; and Philip and Marta were again alone.

"I promised to go over to Monte Carlo again this evening," said Philip, and there was something in his voice that might have been taken for an apology. "That German chap who is here is playing a new system, and several men I know are there, and we said we'd dine together." He stopped and looked at her, and his face hardened. "I think I'll go," he added.

"Do," said Marta tranquilly. "I may go over myself. Lady Tyneside has asked us to dinner quite informally, Claudia and Jacqueline and myself, and a woman we have met here, and all like very much, Mrs. Lorison. I have not quite made up my mind; I have rather—rather a headache, but Jacqueline would be awfully disappointed."

"I should certainly go," said Philip, dutifully. "It will do you good."

Oh, the pity of it! Both their hearts were sick with longing and calling softly to one another; but the giants of pride and doubt were blaring discordant noises into their ears, so that the cry of their hearts was drowned.

Soon afterwards Marta went upstairs. Her nerves were so intolerably irritable that she could not keep still. She wandered up and down her bed-room, and then pulled out all her drawers and ransacked her wardrobe to see what she should wear. In a blind, wounded way she felt that she would give him pain by

looking as well as she possibly could that night. They would be bound to go into the rooms for a little, Jacqueline would see to that. And he would see her smart, smiling, with the other women; she determined that she would be outshone by none.

In a swift revulsion of feeling she remembered that Paul Joscelyn would probably be there. If she spoke to him what might not Philip do in his present mood? Ah, no, he was too well-bred; he had too much respect for himself; he would never make himself ridiculous by picking a quarrel with a man because he had taken his wife for drives and given her cigarettes. Of the nightmare horror of the possible repetition of Ralph Beverley's story she would not suffer herself to think.

Presently she passed across the threshold into the dressing-room. At first she was only impelled by a desire for space to continue her restless walk, but then she saw all the things that were so familiar to her, and she went and fingered them lovingly, the ivory brushes on the dressing-table that she had given him, and, on another little table, a white satin case that she had worked with her own some-what unskilled hands; and then, turning, she saw hanging on the door some of his clothes, and underneath was a rather shabby dinner-coat, and suddenly she found herself with her head buried in it, sobbing as if her heart would break. It was so full of memories, of cosy dinners in the cottage at Torhampton, of long evenings spent together, of all those intimate thoughts and fancies that even a garment may hold for one whose life has been blessed by the imaginative glory of a mutual and ardent love.

She did not hear a step; she did not see Philip until he shut the door that led straight from the corridor into the room.

Then she raised her tear-drenched face, and spoke what was in her heart.

"Oh, Phil, we can't go on like this!" "In two strides he was beside her; and he took her in his arms and kissed her passionately."

"No, we can't," he whispered. "Darling, we can't! I have been an abject fool! Look at me, sweetheart, and tell me that you forgive!"

And if there was more passion in his hoarse voice than absolute and indestructible faith in her it was not likely that she would notice it just then.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SO Marta was back in her paradise, and listened ecstatically while her beloved poured into her ears a torrent of self-accusation and remorse, calling himself every hard name under the sun, and declaring that she was an angel to forgive so readily his cowardly outburst of senseless jealousy.

He had kissed away all his tears, and she smiled radiantly.

"Oh, Phil," she murmured, "of course, of course, you didn't mean it! You know, you must know, that there isn't an atom of me that is not yours—wholly, utterly yours. And, darling, I will never speak to Colonel Joscelyn again."

She meant it at the time; she would have promised anything on earth now that the sun shone again on her life, dazzling and blinding her.

At the sound of the hated name a little cloud darkened Philip's face, just a lingering remnant of the storm; but he answered hastily and truthfully:

"Nonsense, little girl, I'm not an ogre; and I'm certainly not going to play the part of Othello. I own I don't like the man, but I daresay I'm prejudiced, and, if you find him in the least bit worthy of your regard, there must be some good in him, although I may not be able to see it."

For a man of his temperament this was an amazingly generous speech, and she, seeing only the god she had always worshipped, had disappeared momentarily behind a veil, reappeared in all his glory, looked up at him with happy, adoring eyes.

The real point at issue, why she had not mentioned the Colonel's name in her letters, was not touched upon.

They fell to exchanging confidences in the full unclouded, joyous way. They talked of themselves and their plans and a hundred little domestic affairs that would seem very trivial and unimportant were they set down here, but which, for the reunited lovers, had far more weight and meaning than the march of progress or the making of wars.

Then they went and inspected the dress she was going to wear, and Philip told her about the presents he had brought her—some curious stuffs woven by the hill-women and some Delhi embroideries, and a couple of wonderful old ivory chairs—which were being sent straight to Torhampton. In the midst of this engrossing tête-à-tête a message was brought up for Philip from Baron Stein von Wald to the effect that it was nearly time for them to start. He took his gambling so seriously and was so enthusiastic about his patent system that they had arranged to dine early in order to get into the Rooms before the after-dinner rush.

"I'm afraid I can't get out of this dinner," said Philip, in the old lover's voice she knew so well and thrilled every time to hear. "You don't start yet, do you?"

"Not for another hour."

"But I shall see you afterwards," he added, "and I shall play your system and the Baron's may go to pot."

He had to scramble into his clothes and rush away to catch the train, and he left her in that trance-like state of happiness when

nothing seems real except the beautiful things of nature and the divine origin of man.

Marta went to Jacqueline's room to tell her that she had decided to dine with Lady Tyneside at Monte Carlo.

"How lovely!" cried that young lady. "I'm dying for a flutter. But, Marta, how heartless you have suddenly become! How can you leave Captain Chesney? And you can't bring him because it's a woman's dinner!" Her eyes rested with ill-concealed curiosity on Marta's face, and grew large in wonderment as she noted the shining eyes and softly-flushed cheeks.

"Oh, Philip is dining with Baron Stein von Wald and some other men," was the answer. "They're going over very early. The Baron has a new patent system. We shall see them afterwards."

"Ripping!" cried Jacqueline. "I'll start getting ready at once."

When Marta had gone, the quick-witted young lady grew thoughtful.

"Something was the matter," she said to herself. "But they've made it up."

And then she grew occupied with her own concerns, while with mechanical fingers she puffed and twisted and patted her dusky hair.

Baron Stein von Wald had come up to her expectations. In formal, foreign manner he had confided his hopes to her mother, and begged that he might be allowed to pay his addresses to her charming daughter with a view to persuading her to become his wife. Lady Dexter had been taken somewhat at a disadvantage. She was well aware that she had no voice in the matter at all, and she was not at all certain of Jacqueline's intentions towards the young German; so she compromised matters by explaining that her younger daughter was so upset by the tragic death of her sister's fiancé that her ladyship did not think it wise to approach her on the subject of matrimony as she was of so extraordinarily sensitive a disposition. Incidentally, Lady Dexter managed to find out that the Baron was not as rich as she had imagined.

She consulted Jacqueline, who approved her mother's mode of procedure and advised that the Baron should be kept dangling for a little while. Immediately after Verulam's death, when all chance of achieving a brilliant match under Claudia's protection had suddenly melted into thin air, she would have jumped at the German as an agreeable alternative to perpetual Torhampton. But since she had wormed her supple person into the affections of the grief-stricken Earl matters had taken on an entirely different complexion. Better far than becoming the Baroness Stein von Wald, which meant plunging into unknown waters, was the prospect of going to live with the bereaved father of Verulam and practically reigning as mistress at Clowes Park and in the big town house in Clowes-square.

Therefore Lady Dexter had delicately hinted to the man that, on account of the sensitiveness of her dear child's disposition, it were better for the moment not to disturb her by his matrimonial aspirations. The Baron sympathetically acquiesced, but was a little puzzled; for, although his Teutonic nature deeply admired this exquisite susceptibility, he could not help observing that Jacqueline's behaviour was marked by none of the outward signs of grief.

And now the young lady gazed at herself in her mirror with a look of delightful mock-seriousness on her *puissante* face.

"No," she mused half aloud. "I'm afraid it would have been most unwise to marry such an ingenuitous gambler. If he makes himself disagreeable and pretends that I have led him on or anything I shall tell him so. Gentle resignation—the risk too great—for one of my sensitive temperament!"

She laughed wickedly. The excuse was as good as any other, though scarcely to the point, for the Baron was the coolest-headed of men, and could perfectly well afford to gamble, and seldom lost. And she had flirted with him disgracefully. She was the true Red Indian type, with a passion for scalps and necklaces of masculine beads.

When she was dressed she went into the Colonel's room next to hers to borrow one of the splendid pearl necklaces that Verulam had given her when their engagement was announced.

She found Claudia quite ready, dressed in one of her simple, statuesque white gowns. When the pearls were adjusted, they went downstairs, and Marta joined them, and they drove off to the station in a cab.

The dinner was a great success, despite its solely feminine character. Lady Tyneside had started these reunions of her own sex for gastronomic purposes; and they would undoubtedly become the rage in the season, as her fashions were always slavishly followed. Besides Claudia and her sister and Marta, only the hostess, her daughter, Lady Leicester, and Helen Lorison were present.

Afterwards they sat out on the verandah of the hotel for a little while, and Marta found herself sitting beside her new friend, a little apart from the others.

"I have not seen you for ages," she said.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Lorison, with a curious, wistful note in her even, unemotional voice, "it seems ages to you since yesterday."

Marta blushed, and the glad, proud look in her eyes was like a sword in the older woman's heart.

But the girl only said simply:—"You mean because Philip has come back. I want you to know Philip; I want you and he to be friends."

It was not only a pang of swift maternal jealousy that made Helen Lorison's brows contract with sudden pain. It was not only

that, blindly and unconsciously, she grudged the man the whole-souled devotion of this daughter whom she had cruelly cast away. But her thoughts went back to her own youth, when she, too, had looked like Marta, and felt like Marta, and given herself, body, soul, and mind, into the hands of a man, and reaped disillusionment and desolation and loneliness unutterable. She did not for one moment suppose that Philip Chesney was another Roland Lorison; fortunately, such men are rare. But she had such a profound distrust of human passions that, when she saw this girl's entire and unconditional abandon written on her happy face, she feared for her; and, because she loved the girl and was her mother, and felt as a mother, with all the concentrated strength of twenty-three years of starved and bitter loneliness, her fear was an agony. For life had taught her one of its hardest truths: that it is never he who gives most who receives most, and in the kingdom of the emotions this truth is ten times true.

But not for the world would she have shown her fear; not even as a friend, for never was a man so mistaken as Paul Joscelyn when he imagined that she would, out of the bitterness of her soul, seek to share Marta's illusions. For, if a man has seen the true vision of the world, and has a young being whom he loves, then he would keep that being at all costs from life's dreary verities, and wrap it in the garment of glamour, even though that glamour could only be obtained through the spilling of his own heart's blood. And it was the same with this woman, too. So she laid her hand on the girl's, and said tenderly:—"You are very fortunate, my dear."

Marta smiled at her, and said, playfully:—"Ah, you say that to please me! But you will see Philip to-night, and then you will know what what you say is true!" It was strange how she could talk to this woman, a stranger until a few days ago, of these secret things of her heart.

"And I hear he is to have the Victoria Cross. How splendid!" Her voice was warm enough even to satisfy Marta. It was a comfort to her that he was a brave man—brave men were generally chivalrous and gentle and unwilling to give pain. Roland Lorison had been a mortal coward. Why did her thoughts run on him to-night? Why did the memory obtrude itself that she had been just as happy with him for a short time as this beautiful girl was with her Philip, and that the rest of her life had been laid waste? It was most unlikely that history would repeat itself. It was merely that she was the most miserable being a woman without faith, and with a fatal knowledge of men. Women, she told herself, were not meant to have knowledge, not until the ages had balanced their hearts and heads and made them into something nearer the angels than has yet been seen.

Just then Lord Tyneside made his appearance, asking whether the ladies would care to go down to the Casino. Jacqueline heralded the invitation with enthusiasm, and the others just as the desire to gamble had bitten them, more or less, except Marta, who wanted to go to the gambling rooms for love's sake, which, as everyone was to admit, is a very rare reason, if not quite unique.

As it happened, they missed Philip and his party when they first entered the rooms, for Baron Stein von Wald was playing his system upstairs in the private club.

Jacqueline immediately became engrossed in the play, and at first her five franc pieces disappeared with great celerity, and then came slowly but steadily back. It was her peculiarity, and it would not have said much for Baron Stein von Wald's domestic security, had she accepted him, that his admiration for her was as much for the gambler as for the prospective wife.

Marta and the others strolled about, and presently Lord Leicester and another man joined their party.

Meanwhile, upstairs, Baron Stein von Wald had been carrying all before him. His luck had been stupendous, and two men of the party had been following it with much enthusiasm and great profit to themselves. One of them was Ralph Beverley. He had joined the party after dinner, and had been introduced to Philip Chesney, who was the only man who did not know him; but the introduction having taken place at the trete et quarante table, neither of them had caught the other's name.

The boy, following the German's luck, had won a very great deal of money. He was extremely elated, and perhaps had taken a little more champagne at dinner than was precisely good for him. But, when it is remembered that he came straight from the hard life of a colony into this very hotbed of luxury and self-indulgence, much may be forgiven him. Anyway, he was in a perfectly self-contented mood, and more than a little excited at his good fortune, and the visible expression of his frame of mind was an indulgence in his betting sinfulness.

He had talked incessantly while he lost, which was seldom, and while he won, which was very often. Philip, reserved by nature, looked at his good-humoured, frocked face with an indulgent smile, and thought him a nice boy.

The German, after trying his system, and finding it more or less of a failure, had been playing on an unusual series of correct inspirations; but directly luck turned against him he had the wisdom to leave.

"We will go down, gentlemen," he said, with truly Teutonic stolidity, for he had won more than a hundred thousand francs, and lost only a couple of hundred.

So they all went down, laughing at young Beverley's fresh and extravagant witticisms, and Philip wondered whether Marta had arrived.

To be continued.

THE MONTH OF MUMMERS.

PATTERNS OF EASILY MADE FANCY DRESSES FOR CHILDREN.

At heart we are all mummers—more or less. From the moment when some tiny girl tottles a primitive notion of a bride with the nursery tablecloth pinned round her waist, her equally small brother enacting the rôle of bridegroom, attired in surreptitious spoils from downstairs in the shape of father's top-hat and stick, the love of being someone other than ourselves holds a paramount attraction. While of the origin and cause of this imitative faculty—are they not written in the book of one Darwin?

Of pierrots there is ever a plethora at a children's fancy-dress ball, and the pretty fable of the feud between the black and white communities will doubtless be productive of interesting varieties in this oft-told tale.

Equally trite, but seldom failing in effect, is John Chinaman. And this is a dress so very quickly and simply managed at home, and also one lending itself alike to simplicity and extravagance, that we have deemed it worthy of pictorial representation, a pattern whereof,

white felt soles to black uppers, and the Geisha the best possible travesty to the heelless slipper affected by the dear little Jap. The pattern of the Geisha dress is especially

are frankly worth double. While those in need of a smart tweed coat, the useful everyday wrap that no sensible woman lacks, are advised to go early to Piccadilly and secure one of the hundred and odd tweed models, marked at 12s. 11d., many of which originally fetched 31s. 6d.

Silk underskirts, always a feature at this house, commence at 14s. 9d., the Frou-Frou, a wonderfully handsome confection in extra quality taffeta, going at 21s. A very plethora of dainty dress accessories abound in the real lace department.

Messrs. Redmayne have already commenced to reveal evidences of the reducing blue pencil, and there has been a constant va-et-vient at this Bond-street establishment during the past two days.

Now or never is the moment for those who covet the lovely mousseline velours to lay in a supply of this fabric of the season, which, in thirty new colours, is marked at the irresistibly low price of 6s. 11d. per yard. Extra wide mole-skin plushes, another leading silken weave of the moment, Messrs. Redmayne have decided to clear at practically half the original cost per yard. Then for dance and dinner dresses come a tempting array of white, ivory, and



No. 18.
John
Chinaman
in the
National
Costume.

arranged for children from six to ten, and requires for the largest size six yards of single-width stuff and two and a half for sash and trimming. Price of patterns, 6d.; tacked up (including flat), 1s. 3d.

A national dress, very easily arranged, and at a moderate outlay, moreover, is a small Welshwoman in a plain red or striped red and white skirt, purple bodice, tussore silk apron and kerchief, frilled white cap, and high black beaver hat. For the latter item it will be necessary to requisition outside aid, such as that always so ably supplied in these matters by Messrs. Peter Robinson, Oxford-street.

SALE SUGGESTIONS.

WHAT TO BUY AND WHERE TO BUY IT.

SALES to right and to left of us, on and after January 1st, will be the leading and particular feature of the shopping hour. It is an exciting moment for most of us, for the love of a bargain, be it justified or no, is inherent in us all. And bargains forsooth will abound at Messrs. Swan and Edgar's.

There is to be specially noted down as a bargain extraordinary at this sale the Arctic fur set, comprising a handsome stole boa and muff, for 24 guineas. The Butterfly evening capes, whereof there are some 800 to clear off, arranged in cream and pastel shades of cloth, cosily lined with quilted silk and trimmed with white fur, the whole beautifully cut and made, are to be sold for 18s. 9d., and

cream satin Duchesse, of the fashionably soft flexible finish, these commencing at 2s. 7½d. a yard.

Unprecedented prices also prevail in the mantle department, where some 700 new and thoroughly up-to-date coats, mantles, boleros, travelling cloaks and especially alluring opera wraps are to be got rid of to make room for the many spring surprises already in tentative process of being.

Messrs. Hart and Son, of Regent-street, are preparing to breast the rocks and shoals during January of special reductions, in company with their confrères, to the extent of building their world-renowned cycling skirts, riding habits, motoring coats, and imitable, neat tailor-made suits at a considerably reduced figure; and since Messrs. Hart are tailors par excellence in the strict sense of the term, here is an opportunity no woman of forethought, who realises the wise administration of a moderate dress allowance, will permit to pass away without due investigation. These three give us admirable food for thought, and it is as well to do more than ponder—namely, to lay in a stock of carefully considered bargains while the opportunity is with us, and, particularly, to attend each sale at the outset.



No. 17.—The little Geisha Girl.

No. 18, may be secured in two sizes for boys from eight to twelve.

It is represented as expressed in a china blue Liberty cotton, with a three-inch border round the loose jacket of a fancy parti-coloured printed cotton.

A few shillings will purchase all the necessities for this dress, the pattern serving equally well for any rich embroidered satin it may seem justifiable to exploit. Of thirty-inch linen five yards suffice, together with one and a quarter yards of fancy material.

No. 17.—The dainty little Geisha girl—a very darling of the gods—is a costume without rival for some dark-haired child, whose curls should be held in subjection for the nonce by quaint combs and pins. The dress itself costs a mere trifle, if made in a fancy-patterned cotton-back satin, though the art shops are replete with fascinating possibilities in the shape of soft clinging crêpes and the like.

Both these costumes require to be completed by the correct shoes, John Chinaman wearing thick soft



A Damsel from Wales.

FURNITURE CARPET

SALE. SALE.

NORMAN and STACEY'S
COMMENCING
MONDAY, 4th JANUARY.

(FOR FIVE DAYS ONLY).

UNHEARD-OF PRICES.

	£	s.	d.
EASY CHAIRS	from	1	19 6
BEDROOM SUITES		5	10 0
BUREAUS		3	15 0
OCCASIONAL CHAIRS		0	10 6
SIDEBOARDS		6	10 0

SECOND-HAND FURNITURE
IN GREAT VARIETY.

Catalogue Sent on Application.

FREE DELIVERY TOWN OR COUNTRY.

NORMAN & STACEY, Ltd.,
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD
(OXFORD-STREET END).

There is no other Magazine
in the world like it. . . .

The JANUARY ISSUE of
the MOST BEAUTIFUL
MAGAZINE in the World,

The Connoisseur

IS NOW ON SALE.

It is a DELIGHTFUL NUMBER,
containing

**FIVE
CHARMING
PLATES.**

1/-, at all Booksellers.

ASK FOR THE

January Connoisseur To-day.

Southalls' Towels

The ORIGINAL and BEST

Sanitary, Absorbent, Antiseptic.

Sample Packet (three size 0, and one each size, 1, 2, and 4 Towels) post free for eight stamps from the LADY MANAGER, 17, Bull Street, Birmingham.

Mention this Paper.

The Best Reference Work
for the New Year. . . .

MOST COMPLETE.
MOST UP TO DATE.
MOST USEFUL.

'Daily Mail' Year Book
For 1904.

A MINIATURE ENCYCLOPEDIA
FOR THE DESK AND POCKET.

448 pages
Crammed with Facts.

INDISPENSABLE TO BUSY
MEN AND BUSY WOMEN.

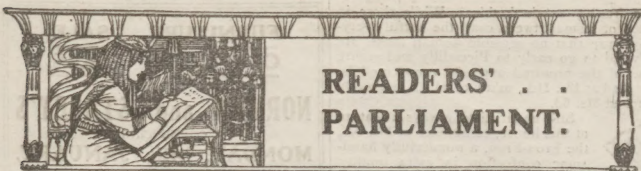
Ask your Bookseller to-day for the

'Daily Mail' Year Book
Price 1/6.

A BIG BOOK FOR LITTLE MONEY.



A group of dainty adjuncts for the toilette, representing some novel suggestions.



THE CONDEMNED ABBE.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

In your leader of this date I find a statement about the Abbé Loeisy which calls for challenge, because it seems, perhaps, justified by a surface view of recent events.

The challenge may well be given in the devout and learned Abbé's own words. Speaking of the book around which controversy now rages, he says, in his *Antour d'un Petit Livre*—

«Ce qu'il contemplait, ce qu'il montrait vivant dans le passé bien compris, et imprévisible dans l'avenir, que tout croyant sincère doit préparer, c'était la Bible, œuvre divine dont une critique respectueuse pénètre le secret et révélera de plus en plus la grandeur; c'était le Christ, dans la simplicité de son existence terrestre, où étaient cachés les trésors de la Divinité, et dans la puissance infinie de son action permanente, où ces trésors viennent successivement au jour; c'était l'Eglise catholique et romaine, citée spirituelle, patrie des âmes, foyer perpétuel de vérité, de justice et de sainteté; c'était la foi des siècles, toujours la même et toujours nouvelle, et sachant se reconnaître dans tout ce qui est vrai; c'était l'immense vie du culte chrétien, qui anime l'esprit de Jésus. Le petit livre était, malgré ses défauts, et dans son aridité didactique, un hommage au Christ-Dieu, et à l'Eglise, corps vivant du Christ immortel.»

Any judgment passed on the work of this great scholar must—one would think—at least take cognisance of his aims as stated by himself.

M. E. DOWSON.

Ashted, Dec. 30.

THE CRANK AT WORK.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

No one doubts that life can be sustained for some time on the 74d. Simian diet to which "Hamiltonian" condemns his helpless child; but why says he nothing of the result?

What is the age, weight, height, and temperament of the child, and the state of its teeth, skin, and complexion?

Does it, too, one wonders, feel the craving for animal food which its, probably, plump and rotund parent has no hesitation to satisfy—for himself?

BEEF STEAK.

London.

CHOPS FOR FOURPENCE AND LESS.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

Mr. Pearce says that one cannot get a chop for fourpence. I am a woman living alone, and though I have not tried to live on sevenpence-halfpenny a day, I do not doubt that it can be done. I live very well on ninepence a day, though I do not do my own cooking; I have to earn my living by work which precludes my giving much attention to the preparation of my food.

I may mention, however, that I always eat freshly cooked meat once a day, and that I frequently buy a loin chop for fourpence. Only yesterday I paid no more than three-pence-halfpenny for a good-sized one. I live

READERS' PARLIAMENT.

in Kensington, and go to any good shop that happens to be at hand.

One rule I always observe—that is, to take a light meal if I am in a hurry, and to reserve my principal meal till the evening when there is leisure both to eat and, more important still, to digest it.

MENAGERE.

Earl's Court, S.W.

BARBAROUS EARRINGS.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

In reply to your correspondent "Agnes," I think we must be thankful that the mutilation of the innocents which she describes and advocates is a thing of the past. If a girl of the present day has her ears pierced, it is not that she has suffered at the hands of an arbitrary parent, but that she has followed her own inclination in the matter.

The piercing of the ears of puling infancy in place of those of budding womanhood scarcely lessens one's repugnance to the operation, and one still seeks to account for the return of a fashion that was apparently dying a natural death.

The following reasons were given by correspondents in the "Daily Mail," when this subject was under discussion. Earrings strengthen the eyesight, prevent headaches, give an extraordinary and fascinating sensation of pleasure as they swing in the ears, and, lastly, endow the wearer with an irresistible charm.

If all these benefits are to be obtained by wearing earrings, what mischief was the cause of their ever ceasing to be fashionable? JOHN LEWIS WINBURNE.

DIARIES AND ALMANACKS FOR 1904.

Leisure is only a word with most people nowadays, and whether we occupy our time with social affairs or business it is necessary to keep some record of what we have to do from day to day. Those who do this cannot do better than look through the diaries published by Messrs. Charles Letts and Co. The binding of their books is good, and the variety extensive. Some will suit those who keep their cash accounts exactly, some are for those who merely wish to keep a more or less formal note of engagements. One of the little books has a few pages devoted to "things lent."

Messrs. Boots have also a good selection on show, their small pocket diaries being particularly good.

The almanacks designed by Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons are already high in public favour. All classes and tastes are catered for, and the prices are suited to all pockets.

THE SCARCITY OF BRITISH FRUIT.

The Covent Garden fruit salesmen express considerable satisfaction at the appointment of the Departmental Committee to inquire into the present position of fruit culture in England. The far from flourishing condition of British fruit culture in recent years has, they point out, been emphasised by the condition of things during the past season, when practically no British fruit was sent to the market.

SIMPLE DISHES.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from the West End Shops.

No. 187—LYONNAISE SALAD.

INGREDIENTS.—Six ounces of cooked macaroni, six ounces of cooked fish, one and a half gills of cream, one large tablespoonful of grated horseradish, three teaspoonfuls of tarragon vinegar, quarter of a teaspoonful of castor sugar, two teaspoonfuls of chopped parsley, seasoning, one or two French lettuce.

Break the fish into large flakes and cut the macaroni into convenient lengths. Take care the horseradish is very finely grated. Mix the fish with the macaroni and vinegar, whip the cream, but not too stiffly, add to it the horseradish and sugar. Mix these with the fish and macaroni lightly. Heap in the centre of the salad bowl; put round a border of the lettuce leaves after well washing and picking them. Sprinkle the centre mixture, with the chopped parsley.

Cost 1s. 8d. for eight portions.

No. 188—STEWED SWEETBREAD.

INGREDIENTS.—One large sweetbread, two ounces of butter, four ounces of cold tongue, half a pint of Espagnole sauce, half a teaspoonful of chopped shallot, one truffle, half a lemon, salt, pepper.

Trim the sweetbread and lay it in cold water, with a little salt and lemon juice, for one hour. Then bring it, in this cold water, to the boil, and par-boil it for ten minutes. Lift out the sweetbread, and put it in cold water to cool and set for fifteen minutes. Take it out of the water, dry it, and cut it into large dice. Melt the butter in a pan; add the sweetbread and shallot. Stir over the fire till they are just beginning to colour, then add the sauce and tongue, cut to match the sweetbread. Simmer all these for half an hour, or till tender. Season carefully. Heat thin slices of truffle in a little stock. Fill some small china ramequins or small fireproof marmite pots with the sweetbread mixture. Lay a slice of truffle on the top of each, and serve.

Cost 4s. 6d. for six portions.

No. 189—SALLY LUNNS.

INGREDIENTS.—Three quarters of a pound of flour, one ounce of butter, half an ounce of German yeast, one egg, one and a half gills of milk, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of castor sugar.

Mix the flour and salt, rub in the butter lightly. Cream the yeast and sugar till liquid; stir into them the tepid milk. Beat well and add the egg to the yeast and milk. Make a hole in the middle of the dough, strain in the yeast, etc., and mix to a soft but not sticky dough—it must be very soft. Knead lightly on a well-floured board. Well butter two plain soufflé tins, divide the dough into two round cakes. Drop one into each tin. Cover the tops with a piece of paper and put the tins in a warm place till the dough has risen and filled the tins. This will take about one hour. Then bake in a sharp oven about half an hour. When cooked turn them out of the tins. Glaze the tops with a little warmed milk and butter. Serve, split in slices, toasted and buttered.

Cost 4d. for six portions.

No. 190—HOLLANDAISE SOUP.

INGREDIENTS.—One quart of white stock, two ounces of butter, one ounce of flour, three yolks of eggs, one gill of cream, one gill of milk, half a gill each of cooked carrots, turnips, cucumber, peas (fresh or tinned), one bay leaf, one teaspoonful each of chopped tarragon, parsley, and pepper and salt, castor sugar to taste.

Wash the vegetables, and cut them into small, round balls about the size of a large pea. Cook them separately in boiling salted water till tender. Strain, and keep them hot. Put the stock and bay leaf on to boil; skim it well. Melt the butter in another pan, stir in the flour, add the stock, and stir till it boils. Beat up the yolks of the eggs with the cream and strained milk. Let the soup cool a little, and strain in the liaison of egg. Reheat gently, but do not let it boil again. Season, and strain the soup into a hot tureen; add the balls of vegetables, tarragon, and parsley, and serve.

Cost 2s. for six portions.

THE HALL PROBLEM.

HOW TO MAKE IT CHARMING AND COMFORTABLE.

The wise hostess may be known by her hall and staircase.

Everyone knows the dreary feeling experienced when, arriving at a country house in the dying day, one is ushered through a comfortable and ugly hall, a place whose existence is only justified by the fact that it leads to other rooms and that the staircase springs from its floor. Such a hall strikes the first discordant note of a visit.

In the beginning the charm of a hall depends upon the proportions and arrangement of the shell. If the walls are out of harmony in colour or out of scale the most heroic efforts of the cabinet-maker and upholsterer will be made in vain. Once get the walls correct, and the rest is comparatively easy.

If you have any word in the making of your hall, see that the staircase is put on one side and that the whole hall is as nearly square as possible. I know many such halls, and the most beautiful of all adorns an old manor house in Monmouthshire. That hall is an ideal hall, because it can be lived in. When you see such a hall you realise how completely a central staircase cuts other halls in two, invariably forcing a certain awkwardness on those who pass up and down.

Simplicity is Best.

The walls of my favourite hall are of oak, neither stained nor polished, reaching from floor to ceiling, cut into panels by the simplest of mouldings. The owner of the hall has filled some of the panels with deep old red silk brocade, but I am not sure that they were not best in their simple form, though the red, as he points out, removes a possible suggestion of austerity hardly in keeping with the luxury of much of the furniture.

Look at the fireplace of this hall. Simple mouldings again prevail, but the picture inset into the oak is by a famous old Dutch master. It suggests a note of caution to those about to build or decorate a hall. Beware of the floridly-carved coat of arms, and try the effect of a picture, not framed, but counter-sunk in the wall in this fashion.

Now turn to the ceiling, and see how the whole hall is lightened and the last touch of sobriety removed by the finely-modelled and beautifully-proportioned bands of plaster intersected by bosses. You may study long before you can get the design which harmonises with the lines of the room and with the mouldings on the wall, but the result is worth all the trouble you and your designer take over it.

On the floor of my hall are Persian rugs loosely covering the modern parquet, and the staircase is carpeted in plain red.

In the furnishing of the hall there is nothing included that is not useful and comfortable. Most of the pieces are of the Charles II. or William and Mary periods. There is a simplicity about the later style with its Dutch chairs which is very restful. Two chairs with high backs, cabriole legs, and upholstered seats, some of the chair of the same period, and a quaint table inlaid with scroll work on the legs, help to complete the harmonious whole.

An Adroit Arrangement.

Provided it be of the same date a little French furniture lends interest to a Dutch or English room. In this hall a bombe chest of drawers, a chair, lounge, and table by that famous maker Buhl, show how satisfactory such an addition may be.

There is a room in this hall, genuine you may be sure. No statuary, please, because English colour and atmosphere are always against it. In the outer hall an old coffer holds some of the litter that accumulates in a house where there are several young people devoted to tennis and croquet.

Everyone may not have such a hall to decorate, but the leading ideas may be preserved in any well-designed house. Always remember that a hall should make no pretence at mere prettiness, and overmuch ornamentation must be avoided. While it must be comfortable, and a place to live in, the owner of a perfect hall will always remember the fact with which we started, that the hall affords an entrance to other rooms, the effect of which must not be discounted by the elaboration of decoration or furnishing here. Above all, however, let the owner keep in mind the fact that the entrance to a house should be a place of welcome, breathing warmth and comfort and the spirit of the hostess.

OPEN-AIR EXERCISE.

One of the most devoted of golfers, who owns a beautifully smooth complexion, attributes the preservation of her skin to her plan of dissolving a little isinglass in hot milk and then bathing her face in this and allowing it to dry on before she ventures out. Any feeling of contraction soon passes off, and the isinglass forms an invisible coating on the skin, and protects it from all ravages of the wind. Instead of isinglass, either gelatine or white of egg beaten to a froth, may be used. The latter is an excellent remedy against all chapping, and is in itself a cleanser.

After her game the golfer sponges her face with rosewater, into which has been dropped a little eau de Cologne, and, as a further emollient, often applies cold milk to her skin. She uses absolutely nothing but these simple remedies for her face.



PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

Fish.		Meat.	
Halibut.	Dorset.	Mutton.	Pork.
Herrings.	Brill.	Beef.	Veal.
Turbot.	Whitebait.	Poultry and Game.	
Soles.	Lemon Soles.	Turkeys.	Ducks.
Oysters.	Shrimps.	Pigeons.	Rabbits.
	Dublin Prawns.	Quails.	Snipe.
		Partridges.	Teal.
			Grouse.
			Pheasants.
			Cardoons.
			Celery.
			Asparagus.
			New Potatoes.
			Spinach.
			Corn Salad.
			Marrow.
			Scakale.
			Lettuces.
			Artichokes.
			Small Cress.
			French Beans.
			English Hothouse Beans.

FRUIT IN SEASON.

Apples.	Custard Apples.	Figs.
Grapes.	Grape Fruit.	Melons.
Persimmons.	Plums.	Pineapples.
Quinces.	Oranges.	Mangoes.
	Marrons Glacés.	

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Blossoms for the Table.	
Roman Hyacinths.	Narcissus.
Scarlet Geraniums.	
Violets.	Smilax.
	Chrysanthemums.
	Maidenhair.
	Yellow and Red Ranunculus.
	Cat Pansies and Flowers in Pots.
	Poinsettias.
	Eucalyptus Plant and Flowers.
	Tiny Pots of Four-leaved Shamrock.
	Pelagiums.
	Freecias.
	Palms.

THE DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 51.—ANANAS GLACE A LA VICTORIA.

By Mr. ANTOINE MOISY, Chef Kensington Palace Mansions Restaurant.

If a fresh pineapple is used, peel it thinly; a preserved pineapple is, however, more suitable for this dish.

Scoop out the centre portion of the pineapple without breaking the shape. Pound the trimmings in a mortar; rub it through a sieve. Boil up one pint of milk, and add four ounces of lump sugar; when dissolved stir this into six yolks of eggs, previously beaten. Return to the pan in which the milk was boiled, and stir over the fire until it thickens—it must not boil; pass it through a sieve, add the pounded trimmings, let it cool, and stir in a little cream. Pour into an ice freezer, and freeze until it resembles a creamy substance, then mix a half-bottle of champagne into it.

Have a nice Rice à la Victoria ready in a border mould, unmould it on a round silver dish, place the pineapple in the centre, and fill the cavity with the above ice.

A little whipped cream may be arranged on the top, and decorate with crystallised cherries and angelica.

Recipe for the Rice à la Victoria.—

Boil six ounces of rice in a quart of milk with a vanilla pod for an hour, take out the vanilla, and put six leaves of gelatine and four ounces of sugar into it, let it cool a little, and mix into it a pint of whipped cream, also one small glass of Maraschino.

Stand the border mould in some ice, mask the inside and bottom with liquid Maraschino jelly, and put the above mixture into it. Stand the mould on the ice until required.

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

BREAKFAST.

Kedgerie of Smoked Haddock.
Boiled Eggs.
Grilled Kidneys and Bacon.
Glazed Tongue. Game Pie.

LUNCH.

Cockaleekie. Oysters au Naturel.
Tomato Fritters. Ragout of Mutton.
Veal and Ham Patties.
Cheese Patties. Orange Jelly.
Boiled Apple Pudding with Hard Sauce.

COLD DISHES.

*Lyonnaise Salad. Cold Pigeons.
Pressed Beef.

TEA.

*Sally Lunn. Cucumber Sandwiches.
Balmoral Cake.
Orange Tartlets. Chelsea Buns.

DINNER.

Soup.
Crêpe Soup. *Hollandaise Soup.

Fish.

Baked Smelts. Sole à la Savoy.

Entrées.

*Stewed Sweetbreads. Noisettes of Mutton.

Game.

Roast Wildgoose. Orange Salad.
Chaudroid of Pheasant.

Rosts.

Sirloin of Beef. Ducks, Apple Sauce.

Vegetables.

Potato Croquettes.
Stewed Chestnuts with Brown Sauce.

Sweets.

Macedoine of Fruits. Apricot Omelet.

Sauces.

Queennels of Parmesan. Anchovy Croquettes.

Ice.

Ice Coffee Soufflés.

Recipes of all dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.

